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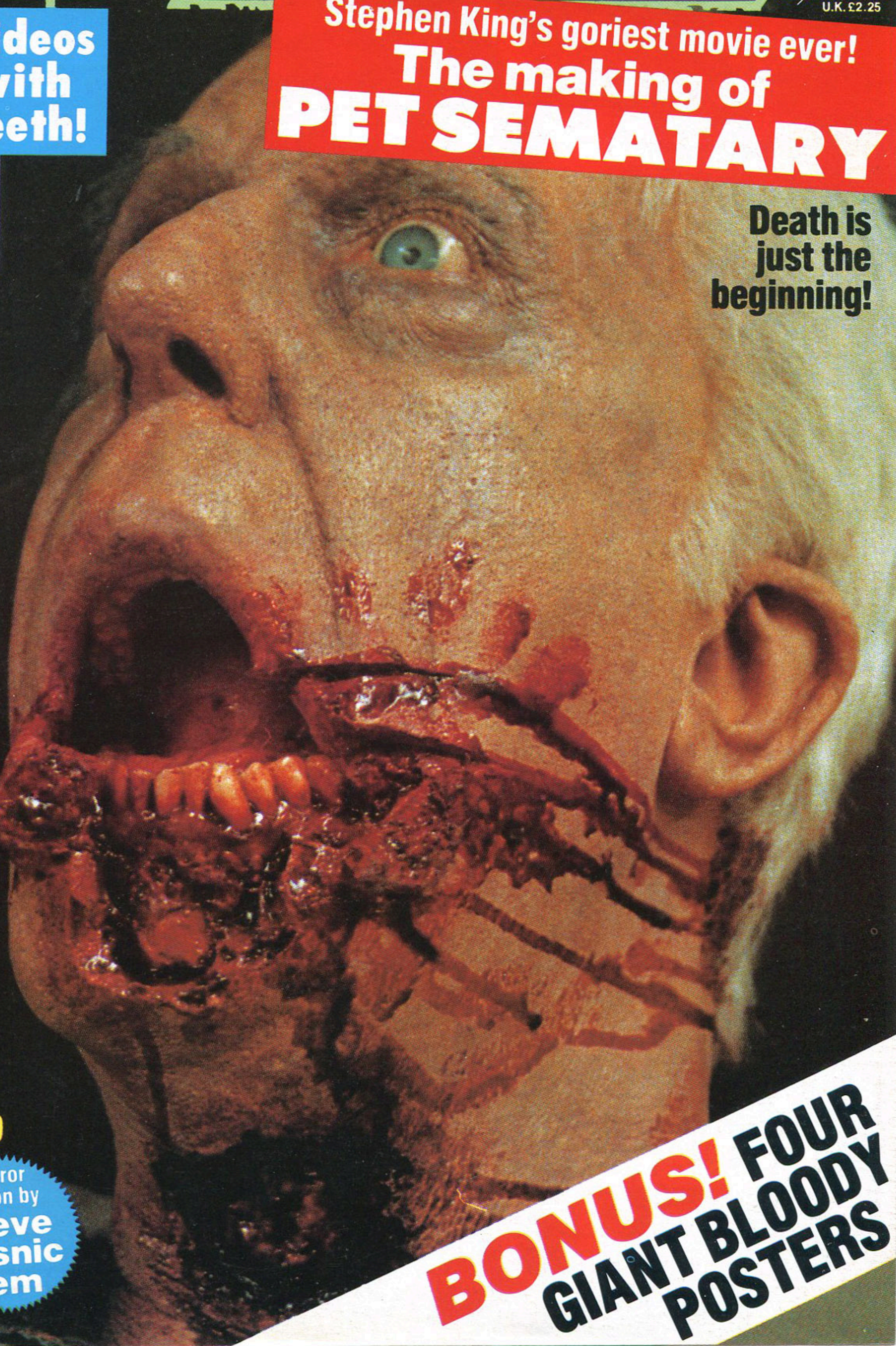

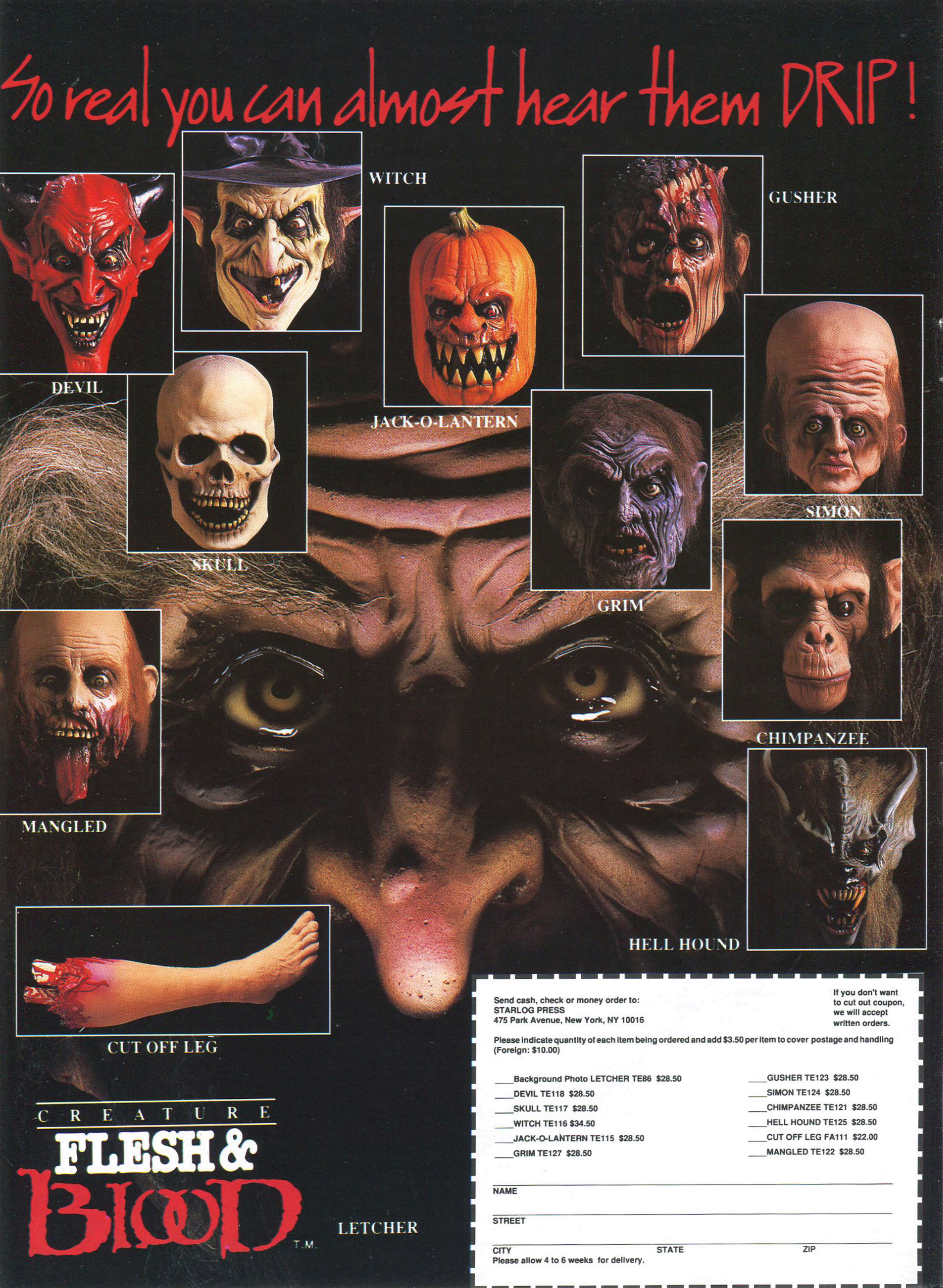

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GOREZONE

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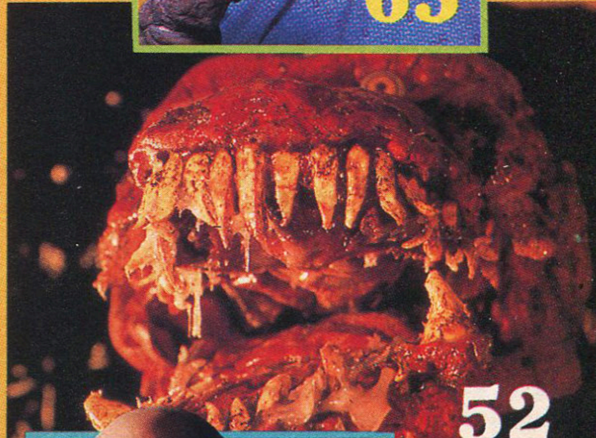

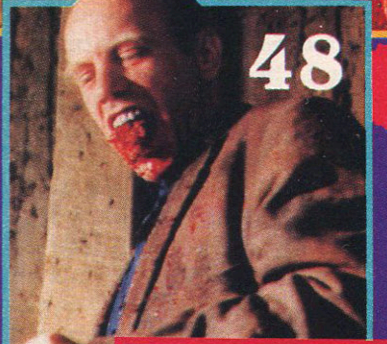

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BLOOD FEST

Charles Band's talent for dealmaking is amazing. For *The Pit and the Pendulum*, he has united Stuart Gordon and Peter (*High Spirits*) O'Toole.

Photo: Copyright 1988 Tri-Star

Band on the Run

Horror skeptics will have a field day. Former Empire mogul Charles Band (see page 17) is trying to make a comeback this year with a big slate of new films. Needless to say, the announcement did not inspire the same reaction as a Beatles reunion would. We've all had our fill of snot-dripping *Gremlins* rip-offs and burping space turds. Band had his spot in the limelight and fell on his face. But he has risen from Empire's ashes.

Charles Band wanted to take on the world when he formed Empire International in 1985. With much fanfare, he bought his own Rome studio and promised to distribute 25 genre films per year. He cut video deals, hired big names like director Stuart Gordon and producer Irwin (*Halloween*) Yablans, and even directed a film or two. Empire's releases fell into good (*Re-Animator*, *From Beyond*, *Dolls*, *Prison*, *Crawlspace*, *Trancers*), bad (*TerrorVision*, *Ghoulies*, *Troll*, *Cellar Dweller*) and unwatchable (*Ghoulies II* and video pickups like *Breeders*, *Mutant Hunt* and *Psychos in Love*) categories. However, Empire's hectic production pace and Band's gift for dealmaking did not make it any easier for the studio to get its movies into theaters or properly marketed. Last year, foreign investors purchased Empire and Band resigned. At least a dozen Empire releases remained either uncompleted, unreleased or were tossed into the direct-to-video doghouse. The Empire fell.

This year, Band's back, heading up *two* new companies. His Full Moon Entertainment will supply Paramount Home Video with six to eight low-budget movies in the next year (theatrical playdates unknown), while Bandcompany will produce bigger-budgeted films with a more definite aim for theatrical distribution as major studio pickups. Bandcompany's *The Pit and the Pendulum*, with Stuart Gordon at the helm and Peter O'Toole (!) and Billy Dee Williams starring, should be lensing in Rome this spring if all goes right. Band seems to have learned from one past mistake: He's leaving the distribution of his films to others with more industry clout (i.e. bucks).

OK, I can trust Stuart Gordon to deliver an impressive horror movie. But it's the other part of the deal that bothers me. One reason that Empire failed is that the studio pushed quantity over quality. It's difficult enough making one good original horror film a year, so for a small production company to spread out its resources and talents over eight movies annually is crazy. Band should concentrate on making one or two good medium-budgeted genre films a year (like he's doing with Bandcompany) instead of setting up a factory again. His first Full Moon production, the killer dolls movie *Puppetmaster*, does not appear to be a particularly commercial idea, either, especially since Empire tried out the same concept in 1987 with *Dolls*, which undeservingly sat on the shelf for two years.

Band has proven that he can produce solid B pictures. He's been in the business a long time and deserves another chance to put some magic on the screen. . . as long as it's something good.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

RED ALERT!

DEEP RED
Argento's Inferno
MOVIES WITH GUTS
Fulci
BLOODY BEST Horror Videos
GORE SCOREBOARD
New Gore FX
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
HORROR FROM THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD

PREMIERE ISSUE!★★ Argento's INFERNO/What Happened to Tobe Hooper?/Interviews with David (LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT) Hess and James (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD) Karen/Movies with Guts/News Slashes/Fulci's NEW YORK RIPPER/BLOOD DINER/Gore Scoreboard/New FX Artists!

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REVIEWS
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ISSUE 2 -- Foreign & Domestic Zombies/HELLRAISER/DOCTOR BUTCHER/Gunnar Hansen's Post-Chainsaw Dating Etiquette/Interview with Mark (EVIL DEAD 2, FROM BEYOND) Shostrom/Fanzines A-Z/Sybil Danning/Video Dog House/Gore Scoreboard!

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NO. 3
INTERVIEW
SAVINI SPEAKS
COMBAT SHOCK
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ISSUE 3 -- Full Color Cover/Exclusive 14-Page Interview with Tom Savini/In-Depth Analysis of COMBAT SHOCK/New FX Artists/H.P. Lovecraft/Forrest J. Ackerman Interview/Uncut — SLAUGHTERHOUSE/ Video Pick-0-The-Pack/Gore Scoreboard/Loaded with Rare Stills!

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ISSUE 5 -- Full Color Cover/Censorship in Europe/Profile of John (GATES OF HELL, CANNIBAL FEROX) Morghen/Films of Peter Walker/Fanzine Update/Horror Obscurities/LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE/Mark Williams FX/Gallery of Rare Ad Mats!

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ISSUE 6 -- Full Color Cover/Steve Bissette Interview/Goblin's Splatter Soundtracks/ Directors' Forum/FantaCo Horror Con Coverage/NINTH & HELL STREET excerpt/Splatter Art/Foreign Gore/Mass Horror/Gore Scoreboard/Bloody Bookshelf!

THE GORE SCORE
Ultraviolent Horror in the 80's
by Chas. Balun
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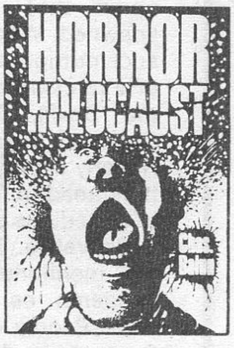
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Chas. Balun

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"Top contender for must-have splatter book of the year...An A+"
FILMFAX

"The book is worth its price if only for the rare gems he's uncovered. Balun's Gore Score is part of his seven-year mission to explore new depths of video depravity."
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
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Chas. Balun
NINTH & HELL STREET

Available May 1989

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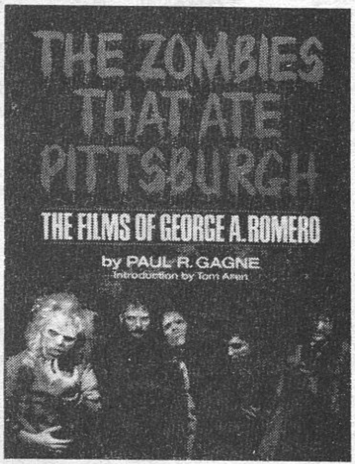
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THE FILMS OF GEORGE A. ROMERO
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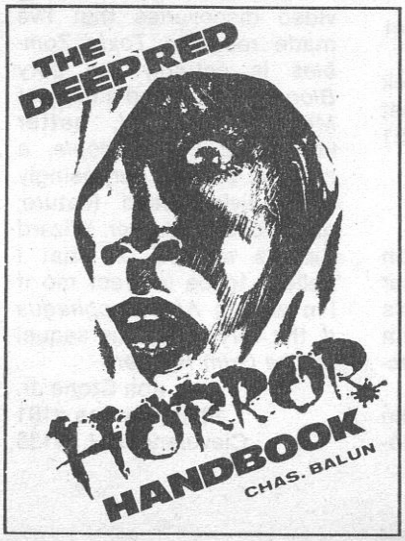
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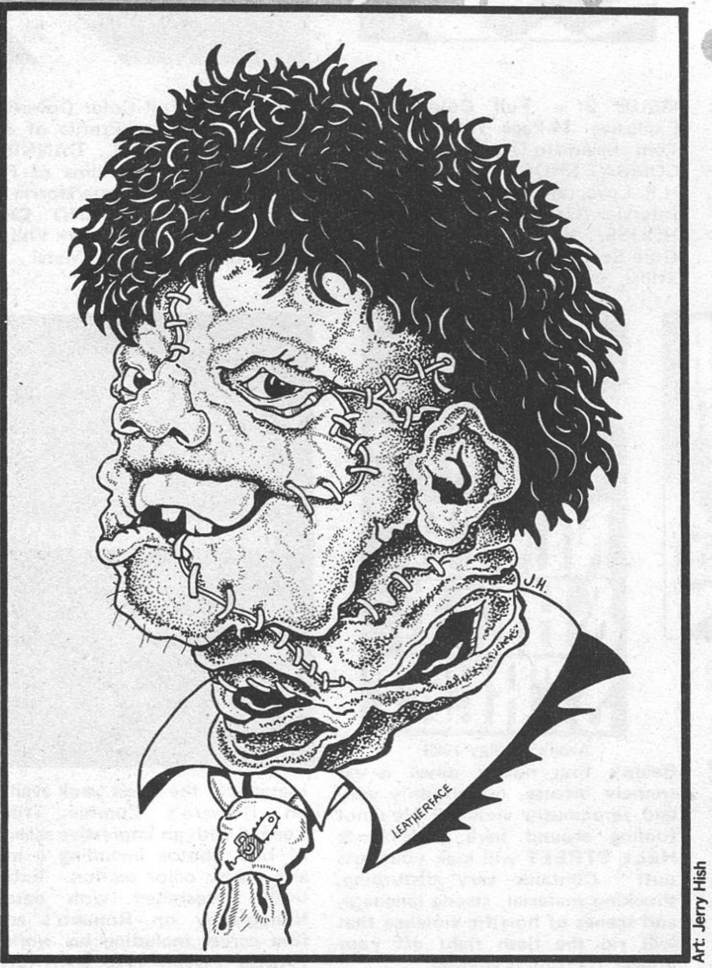

Art: Jerry Hish

THUMBS UP FOR SPIEGEL!

. . . I would like to commend Scott Spiegel, and GOREZONE for writing about him.

Although I am unfamiliar with the majority of his work, *Evil Dead II* remains one of my all-time favorite SF/splatter/comedy-slimer/nonWesterns. And as a 17-year-old prospective filmmaker, I am extremely impressed by his success, and the ability of Spiegel, Sam Raimi, Ted Raimi and Bruce Campbell to stay together and stick it out for so long.

Ben Rock
1150 Grove Street
Maitland, FL 32751

COLUMNISTS GET RAVES!

. . . Congratulations on GOREZONE #6. Of particular interest were Chas. Balun's Piece O' Mind and Tim Lucas' Video Watchdog section.

Balun's comments on the current crop of not-so-special FX horror films were boldly to the point. It's nice to see at least one intelligent horror critic stop patronizing and start criticizing again. If not, we're going to find our beloved genre six feet under (no pun meant). Please, more articles by Balun on the eerie atmospheric horror films of the '60s and '70s.

I also really enjoyed Lucas' no-holds-barred comments on the poor-quality videos certain manufacturers are passing off on us horror folk. It's time we stopped getting ripped off.

J.A. Wolfe
Manhasset, NY

. . . Regarding "Nasching Our Teeth," Video Watchdog, GOREZONE #4: Sure, Paul Naschy's *Exorcismo* wasn't the greatest film, but it definitely wasn't the worst of the many devil possession epics that *The Exorcist* spawned. When you look at such outright trash as *House of Exorcism* (a.k.a. *Lisa and the Devil*), *Demon Witch Child* or *Beyond the Door*, Naschy's entry really isn't all that dreadful. They all tended to be tedious and exceedingly derivative. The film which you mentioned but did not condemn as being utterly bad—*People Who Own the Dark*—truly deserves to be hidden away in the archives of forgotten failures. Along with it is another All Seasons release, *Human Bones* (a.k.a. *Carnaval de las Bestias*). This Spanish/Japanese collaboration starts out as a crime drama, then attempts to verge into horror by throwing in a little cannibalism within the last 10 minutes.

Just a few interesting video discoveries that I've made recently: *Toxic Zombies* is actually the gory *Bloodeaters*; found a copy of *Messiah of Evil*, better known as *Dead People*, a chilling, though surprisingly tame, living dead feature; and *Monster Hunter*, Wizard Video's release of what I believe to be (correct me if I'm wrong) *Anthropophagus II*, the very gruesome sequel to *The Grim Reaper*.

Jon Stone Jr.
14630 Puritas #101
Cleveland, OH 44135

"WARPED" STUDENTS OUTRAGED!

. . . I just read the latest issue of your fine periodical. Leafing through the letters section, I spotted that letter from that teacher down South. My jaw dropped and deja vu shot through my mind—'cause the very same thing happened to *me* in the sixth grade!

About five years ago, I attended a lily-white, lame-ass grammar school. During those tender years, I came into my own as a member of the Fango Family. To celebrate this, I bought an exploding head still from *Dawn of the Dead* and taped it to my folder. OK, so that wasn't a really pro-social move at the time, but it's a free country, right? Well, my science teacher saw this, and *she* exploded. She said that liking this wasn't cool and would "warp" my mind. I gave in, but I would not renounce my allegiance, which caused them to haul me off a few weeks later and ask me if I could differentiate between fiction and reality. Boy, some school teachers are really repressed, huh?

Well, now I go to the hippest high school in the D.C. area (yey, Gonzaga!) and all those prudes gave me was more stuff to rebel against.

Alvin Ecarma
Potomac, MD

. . . A letter in GOREZONE #6 from a sixth-grade teacher claimed that GOREZONE is nothing but a piece of trash. In reality, this magazine is the finest example of modern horror film journalism currently in print. A fact that escapes most of these old-fashioned, closed-minded critics is that horror is not just intended to make people sick, but it is a form of art. Not just anyone can pick up some materials and create a creature that nobody has ever seen or even conceived of before. It takes a lot of talent and hard work from special FX artists to devise their creations and bring them to us on the big screen.

In her letter, the teacher states, "It is obvious that you publish such filth with the intention of making a profit, at the cost of warping little children's minds." What was she thinking when she wrote her letter? Isn't it obvious that any company, no matter what its product is, should be allowed to make a profit? The last time I checked, publishing magazines to make a profit wasn't illegal. And the accusation that this magazine warps the minds of children is totally absurd and based without fact.

I'd just like to give my thanks to all of those who work so hard to bring us GOREZONE. Keep up the good work.

Scott Praino
2165 E. Rochelle
Las Vegas, NV 89119

MIFFED MOM, TOO!

...I am a mother writing in answer to the school teacher's letter in GOREZONE #6.

Lady, who do you think you are?! There is a 14-year-old teenager I know named Christopher Kinney who reads GOREZONE, and I see nothing wrong with it. He has played Freddy Krueger at a local haunted house (proceeds went to charity) and was asked to come as Freddy to a party for a little boy dying of leukemia. He likes special FX, and where does he get his ideas? GOREZONE! He's a happy, normal teenager and an A student, so don't tell me this is "filth" that "warps the minds of little children." He made a dying child happy and a lot of money for charity. Do you think that is also "sick"?

I'm very proud of this young man and hope he continues to do what he enjoys in life. And reading GOREZONE is one of them!

The reason I know so much about him is because he is my son. If you were his teacher, I would be at school demanding an apology in front of his entire class and the money to buy him a new magazine. Remember this, Teach: We GoreZonians will always stick together, just like blood and guts!

Linda Rogers
Evansville, IN

We can imagine how frustrating it must be to raise a healthy, productive child and then have some self-righteous stranger call him "warped" or "sick."

ANOTHER MOM'S VIEW!

...Your magazine is too good to come out only six times a year. It should be monthly.

I'm surprised more women don't write to you. I'm a 36-year-old housewife, and I love good horror books and movies. I find it relaxing to go to a horror movie, especially since I'm raising two small children. Your FX articles, interviews, reviews and photos enable one to appreciate the fine art of bloody good flicks.

Necia Ludvickson
Tulara, CA

FAN FED UP!

...I'm sick and tired of these horror poseurs who buy GOREZONE or FANGORIA just to look at the "gross" pictures. They'll even cut the pictures out and tape them to their walls. Get real, people! GOREZONE and Fango should be *read*. How else are you going to learn anything about the horror world? If you're going to buy the magazines just to look at the pictures, then don't buy them. Get on your freestyle bikes and leave the mags on the shelf for other people who would actually *read* them.

Eric Panter
Route 2, Box 690
Forsyth, GA 31029

Did Cindy Pickett really think she could get that *Deepstar Six* sea critter to pose for a photograph?

Hey, lighten up, Eric! Don't discourage people from buying the magazines just because they don't pay enough attention to the text. Look at it this way: These "poseurs" buy GOREZONE—hopefully three or four copies each—and keep the mag alive for the true fans like you. The same is true for books, movies, you name it. Don't bail out when the genre gets popular.

"DEEPSTAR" DUMPED ON!

...After long weeks of waiting for a new horror film (I saw *Hellbound* three times), one finally came out—*Deepstar Six*. Boy, was I disappointed! It had the worst script and some not-so-great actors that I got bored with fast. But the film's FX were fabulous! The prehistoric beast was superb. What detail! The Mark Shostrom prosthetics were also fantastic. The best ones were the chest explosion and Miguel Ferrer's exit from the film. It's too bad such great FX were wasted on such a laughable movie.

Marc Gottlieb
185 Signal Hill Road N.
Wilton, CT 06897

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Video WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

The restored *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* did not restore the long-forgotten pigeon love scene.

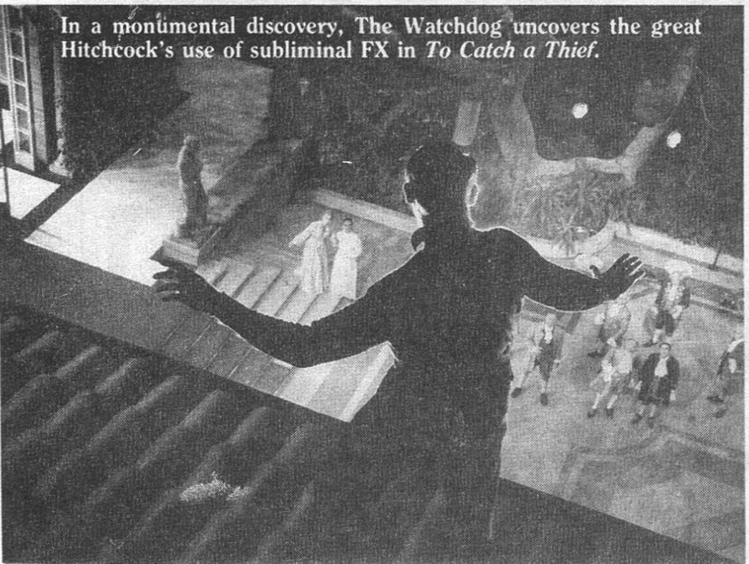
Photo: Courtesy Stephen Jochsberger

Releases! Restorations! Retitlings!

The moment all GoreZonians have eagerly awaited since we were just a gleam in FANGORIA's eye is finally upon us—Dario Argento's riveting terror classic *Suspiria* will finally be released on Hi-Fi stereo videocassette for the first time in America by Magnum Entertainment on May 18! According to Magnum's Danny Kopels, negotiations to procure *Suspiria* between Magnum and Argento himself (whose signed contract came postmarked from New Zealand) were nearly a year in the making.

The obvious question that leaps to mind for anyone who has seen the U.S. theatrical version, the cable TV version, the Japanese laserdisc, or all three: *Which version will Magnum release*? According to their agreement, Argento will provide Magnum with a number of different versions from which to choose, and the label—aware of the film's legendary reputation—expects to release *Suspiria* in both its R-rated (92-minute) and unrated (98-minute) European versions. The latter contains not only more extensive violence, but also two important scenes involving the blind piano teacher (see "The Butchering of Argento," Fango #66).

In a monumental discovery, The Watchdog uncovers the great Hitchcock's use of subliminal FX in *To Catch a Thief*.



One of the fascinating details of this announcement is learning that the film's video rights were held not by 20th Century Fox (who released the film here in 1977 via International Classics), but by none other than Dario Argento. Is it possible that he also holds the video rights to such rarities as *The Cat O'Nine Tails* and *Four Flies on Grey Velvet*? When asked if Magnum might release other Argento classics, now that they've established a working relationship with the man himself, Kopels simply said, "I won't answer that at this time." Cross your fingerblades, gang.

HITCHCOCK CAUGHT

Much has been written about the films of Alfred Hitchcock, the man who (as

Though they're mute, Killer Klowns sounds better in stereo.

KK Photo: Copyright 1988 TWE

Joe Franklin might say) outArgentoed Argento, but the Watchdog recently noticed something in MCA Home Video's *To Catch a Thief* (1955) that the reference books haven't mentioned.

The scene in question is the high-speed chase along the roads of Monte Carlo, as cat burglar Cary Grant and heiress Grace Kelly try to elude a tailgating police car. Up to now, Grant has posed as a wealthy Oregon farmer and denies that the local constabulary would have reason to tail him. At a pivotal moment, he rhetorically asks, "The police? Following *me*?" Kelly then addresses him by name: "Yes, you—John Robie, the Cat!" I noticed an odd smudge or discoloration on the frame that lasted only a second, until the medium shot cut to a closeup of Grant's perplexed face.

Upon closer investigation, the "smudge" turned out to be the subliminal image of Grant's pet black cat, seen earlier in the film! It appears onscreen only as long as it takes Kelly to say, "the Cat!" The effect suffers slightly, since the film was lensed in VistaVision, a widescreen process that pushes the cat's head off the video screen. But this is an exhilarating discovery, because it shows the Master of Suspense experimenting with the shock value of subliminal effects well before Mrs. Bates's winning smile was superimposed on her son's lips in the chilling penultimate shot of *Psycho*.

Honorary doctorates may be addressed to the Video Watchdog c/o GOREZONE.

The restored *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* is a far more subversive, dangerous experience than most R-rated horror films today.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORNE

Dave Marshall of Marshall Discount Video reports a deluge of orders from GoreZonians who heard from the Watchdog about Cinepix Video's uncut version of Jess Franco's *Ilsa the Wicked Warden*. Unfortunately for Dyanne Thorne fans, this turned out to be a very limited edition indeed, and is no longer available from Marshall or Cinepix, the American branch of which is rumored to be out of business. (Likewise, Cinepix's announced release of an uncut *Ilsa, Tigress of Siberia* has failed to pan out.) The only version of *Wicked Warden* presently in circulation, American Video's *Ilsa—Absolute Power*, is incomplete, missing the film's controversial lavatory scene.

TWO! TWO! TWO CHANNELS IN ONE

Last January, Cinemax showed the 1953 George Pal/Byron Haskin version of *War of the Worlds*. Amazingly, the version they premiered restored the original, incredible *stereo* soundtrack—a bonus not present on either Paramount Home Video's tapes or laserdiscs. The dual-channel tracks were believed lost since the last 35mm prints were melted down following a handful of repertory theater playdates in the early 1970s. In fact, Michael Lennick of Light & Motion Corporation—the company providing the Martian spaceships for Paramount TV's *War of the Worlds* series—tells us that Para-

The Count can come out of the bushes now, thanks to the video debut of *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*.

Suspiria
un film de
DARIO ARGENTO

If we had to wait any longer for *Suspiria*'s video release, we'd jump into barbed wire, too.

mount was unable to provide their sound effects department with a stereo soundtrack to work from, forcing postproduction to dub all L&M's death ray opticals with sound pulled from Lennick's own *WOTW* laserdisc!

So how did Cinemax find it? Who knows, but we're grateful they did.

And congrats to Light & Motion for fooling the folks at a certain Illinois-based magazine, who editorialized that the *WOTW* series' "only redeeming quality is Pal's saucer effects, lifted directly from the original film . . ."!

AN A+ FOR Z

LA's The Z Channel recently aired MGM's newly restored version of Rouben Mamoulian's *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* (1932), which lost 16 minutes off its running time when Will Hays established the Motion Picture Production Code in 1933. The version shown on Z, which also enjoyed some repertory theater playdates last year, replaced 12 of those minutes. The restored footage comprises shots and scenes that were either met with derisive laughter at preview screenings or considered too erotic by the Hays Office.

Among the most startling revelations were the first several minutes, an uninterrupted take in which Karl Struss' camera fluidly assumes Fredric March's point of view; the first transformation (later excised to blend into the second), in which Jekyll is "caught" by his butler Poole, emphasizing his closeted experiments as a form of masturbation—there's even a cauldron that foams over as Hyde comes into being; and the final transformation, in which Jekyll becomes Hyde involuntarily, after seeing a cat prey upon a songbird.

> B*loodlust* could never have been made in America but, thank goodness, it can still be released here on video.

This early film remains one of the genre's finest, and the restored version is a far more subversive, dangerous experience than most horror films that pass with an R rating today. Seek it out before Turner colorizes it (and, yes, he *does* own it).

SET YOUR SIGHTS ON "SATANIC RITES"

Liberty Video, a new company, has released *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*, the 1973 film pitting Peter Cushing's Van Helsing against Christopher Lee's Dracula for the last time. In America, Warner Bros. passed on releasing it theatrically, and it wasn't until 1977 that a shortened version called *Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride* appeared. Liberty Video's version restores *four* minutes of blood, nudity and miscellaneous mayhem that most American fans have never seen. And don't let the nay-sayers put you off; it may not be Bram Stoker, but as Dracula films go, it's quite entertaining. Image quality is excellent, though the scratchy soundtrack suggests that Liberty should upgrade its audio filtering system.

THE TOOTH, THE WHOLE TOOTH

Sinister Cinema has announced a couple of fascinating acquisitions, namely the British version of Mario Bava's *Black Sunday* (1960) and an uncut copy of Javier Aguirre's *Dracula's Great Love* (1972) with Paul Naschy.

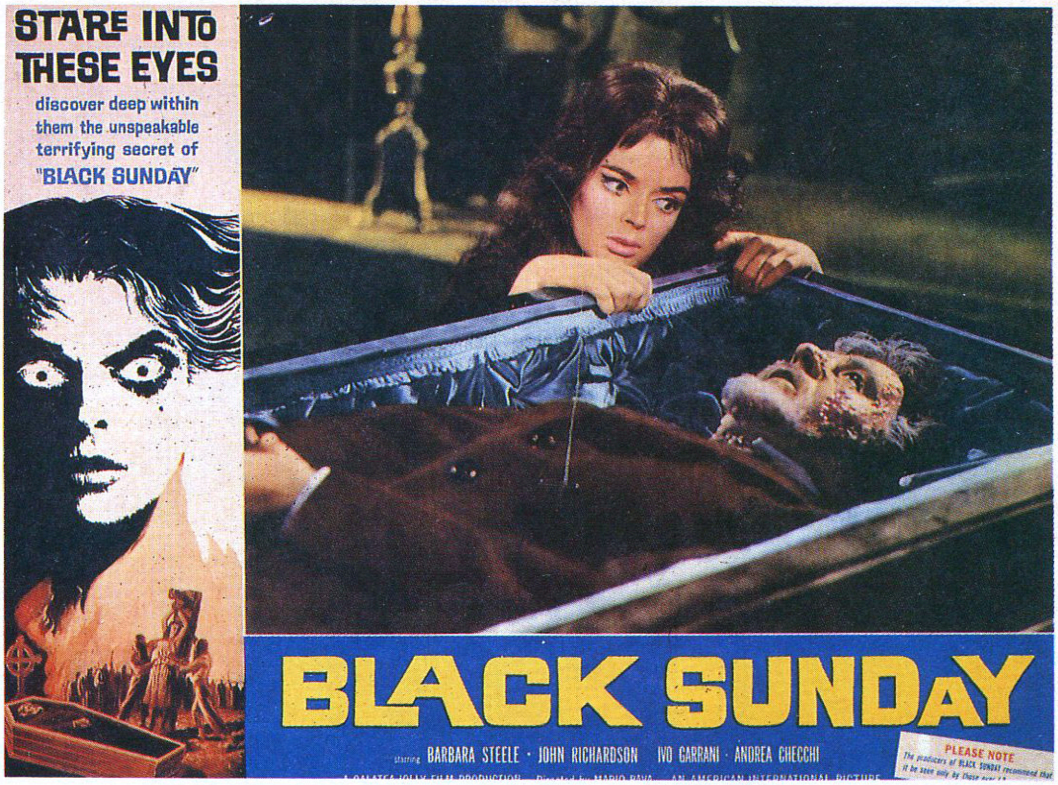
The so-called "British" version of *Black Sunday* is actually *The Mask of the Demon* (note the replaced title card), the film's original English-language edition, prepared in Italy to attract British and American distributors. When AIP bought the U.S. rights to this classic, they made numerous cosmetic changes in the film to attract the hard-won allowance money of America's youth. The soundtrack was thrown out entirely; Roberto Nicolosi's lushly romantic score was junked and replaced by more aggressively spooky Les Baxter music, and the dialogue was rewritten and redubbed to make it less literary, less lyrical, and more accessible to the target audience. For like reasons, AIP deleted a lengthy romantic scene between Barbara Steele and John Richardson, a necrophilic kiss between Andrea Checchi and Steele's vampiric twin, and all the dialogue references to alcohol!

Any GoreZonians who might order this version of *Black Sunday* to savor the Bava film's legendary violence—the spiked mask being hammered onto Steele's face, for example—be warned: You won't find it here. *Black Sunday* was banned from Great Britain until 1968, when it was released the same month as *The Conqueror Worm*. It was then shown intact, but the British video release ran afoul of the "Video Nasties" craze and lost most of its mayhem.

Nevertheless, Sinister's cassette should be seen by anyone with an interest in Italian horror in general, or *Black Sunday* in particular. Unlike the misleading, revised AIP version, this version is much closer to the film Mario Bava made and intended the world to see. Perfectionists will be pleased to know that the film is presented in its full 1.85:1

screen ratio (i.e. slightly masked at top and bottom to produce a slight rectangle, somewhere between a TV and widescreen image).

Sinister's uncut *Dracula's Great Love* is a more recent announcement and, as of this writing, I haven't been able to screen a copy. Nevertheless, after years of Gorgon Video's annoying, edited-for-TV version (82 minutes) and Iver Film's fresh-from-the-shredder bootleg *Dracula's Virgin Lover* (66 minutes), the restoration of the film's full 96 minutes comes as an enormous relief. Advance word says it's a beauty.


STARE INTO THESE EYES
discover deep within them the unspeakable terrifying secret of "BLACK SUNDAY"
BLACK SUNDAY
starring BARBARA STEELE · JOHN RICHARDSON · IVO GARRANI · ANDREA CHECCHI
PLEASE NOTE

Lobbies: Courtesy Tim Lucas

Don't panic. No one's colorized *Black Sunday* yet.

NOTES FROM THE VIDEO DOGHOUSE

It's not being promoted as a horror film, but there is discomfort galore in Pacific Arts Video's *Zoo—A Zed and Two Noughts*. Peter Greenaway's film is about twin brothers whose medical practice disintegrates into perversion and squalor as their interest in organic decomposition leads to an obsession with timelapse photography and rotting animal carcasses. David Cronenberg screened this film for his crew before embarking on his not dissimilar masterpiece, *Dead Ringers*. This is one time when the American release is superior to the Japanese laserdisc: The Japanese taboo concerning genitalia causes the laserdisc to electronically fog up whenever an offending organ appears.

AIR Video's *Schoolgirl Killer* is a retitling of Antonio Margheriti's *The Young, the Evil and the Savage* (*Nude . . . si Muore*, 1968), starring Mark Damon, Sally Smith and the great Alan Collins. Media's *Killer Klowns from Outer Space* is actually in stereo, although the box and cassette label insist it's monophonic. Also, if you find something called *Female Plasma Suckers*, it's only Ted V. Mikels' *Blood Orgy of the She Devils*.

Degregory's *Bloodlust* is actually Walerian Borowczyk's *Dr. Jekyll and Miss Osbourne* (*Dr. Jekyll et les Femmes*, 1981), starring Udo Kier, Patrick Magee and Howard Vernon. After reading fascinating mentions of his work in numerous British filmbooks, I've wanted to see Borowczyk's work for years, and I wasn't disappointed. *Bloodlust* is the most shocking and adventurous horror film I've seen since Franco's *Erotikill/The Loves of Irina*; it could never have been made in America but, thank goodness, it can still be released here on video.

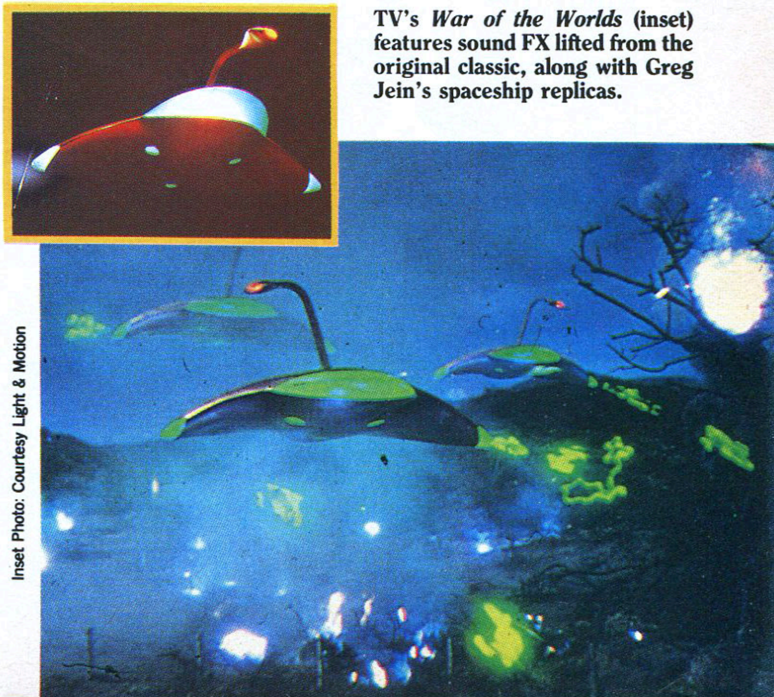
FRANCO, MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN

And now we come to the regular part of our broadcast.

Craig Ledbetter of *Hi-Tech Terror* informs me of two additional video releases from the ubiquitous Jess Franco. Private Screenings' *Sexy Sisters* and *Island Women* have credits on neither their boxes nor the tapes themselves, nor did the company's files retain any credit information. After screening both, I was able to identify them, respectively, as *Die Teuflischen Schwestern* ("The Satanic Sisters," 1976) and *Gefangenfrauen* ("Caged Women," 1980). The former is a pretty good erotic variation on Clouzot's *Diabolique*, and the latter is another of Franco's kinky, low-rent women-in-prison pictures. Franco directed *Island Women* as "Michael Thomas," which should not be confused with the "Michael Thomas" who directed Private Screenings releases like *Fetching Favors* and *The Amorous Sisters*. Research reveals that this is actually a *generic* pseudonym, used by many different directors to give German producer Erwin C. Dietrich's films a sense of continuity!

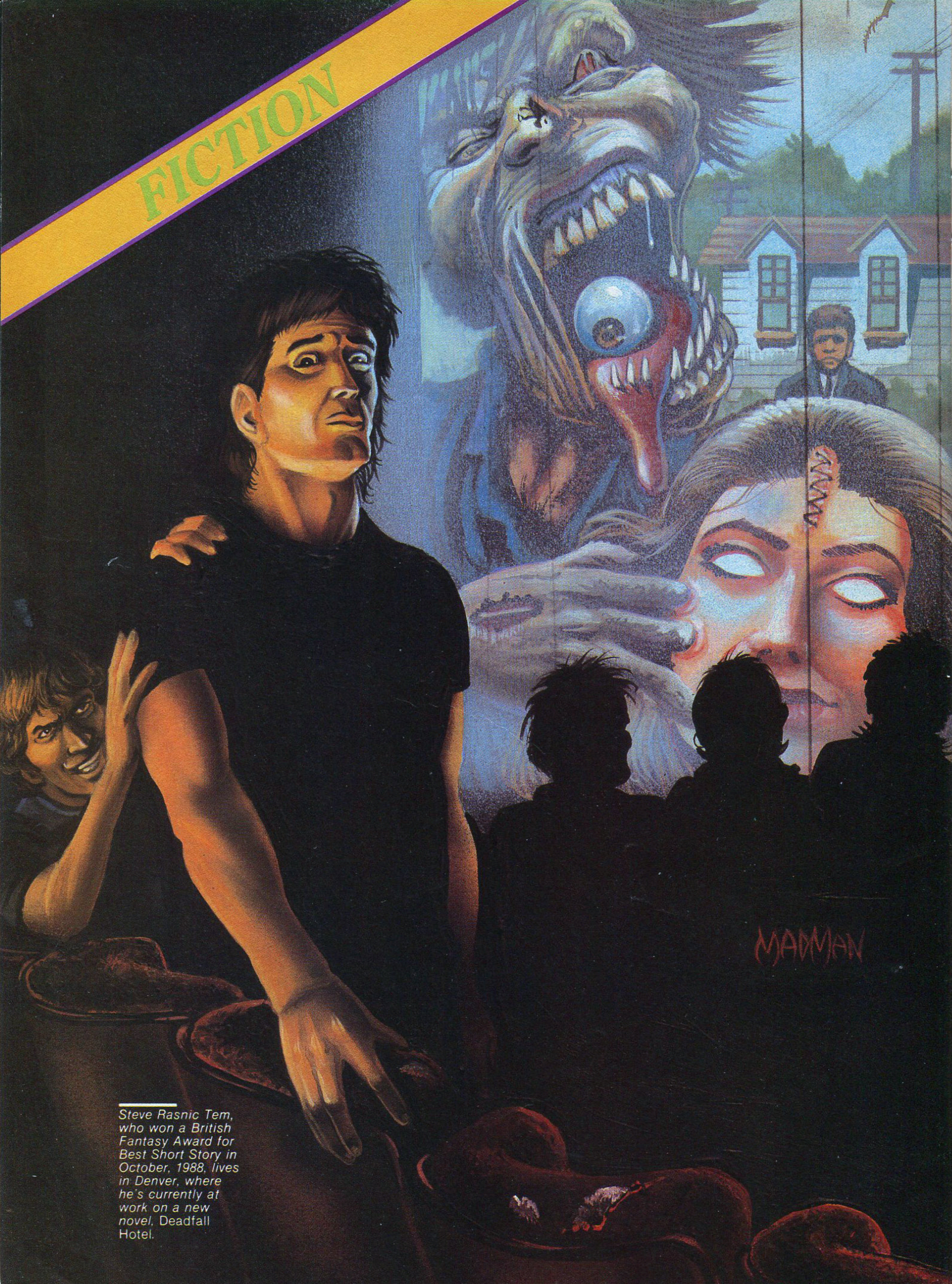
Lastly, Degregory Video is subdistributing the Canadian video release *Hellhole Women*, better known as Franco's *Sadomania*. The box promises 88 minutes, the tape delivers 69 of them—retaining nudity while rendering incoherent the scenes that gave the film its title. Franco offers his sleaziest cameo ever as a gay white slave trader.

TV's *War of the Worlds* (inset) features sound FX lifted from the original classic, along with Greg Jein's spaceship replicas.



Inset Photo: Courtesy Light & Motion

FICTION



Steve Rasnic Tem, who won a British Fantasy Award for Best Short Story in October, 1988, lives in Denver, where he's currently at work on a new novel, Deadfall Hotel.

DOES IT SCARE YOU?

By STEVE RASNIC TEM

Benny leaned over from the other seat. Suddenly Nick could feel Benny's warm breath in his ear. The closeness embarrassed him. What would the other guys think? But maybe they were too busy watching the movie.

"Does it scare you?" Benny whispered wetly.

Same old question, every time he went with the guys to a horror flick. Does it scare you? Does *everything* scare you? Yeah, Benny. It sure does. Everything.

Nick wasn't sure why he went to the movies with the guys. He never had that much fun, especially with Benny there, bugging him all the time. He knew there was a reason it had all started. A tradition, every Friday they'd all go to a horror movie no matter what, even if they'd already seen the damn thing so many times they had the dialogue memorized (which wasn't all that hard, considering the small amount of conversation in some of these things—a lot of *argggghhhs* and *aiiiiieeeeees*). He just couldn't remember what that reason had been. Not for the life of him.

> **The little girl zombie had her jaw around some old grandma's arm, chewing her a scarlet bracelet while the grandma screamed her appreciation.**

Nick looked at Benny. *Does it scare you?* Benny was grinning that goofy grin of his, waiting for an answer. Nick smiled half-heartedly and held up eight fingers. He didn't like talking in movies, and liked even less the potato heads who did. Benny laughed loudly, crazily, holding his thumb up in the air, his greasy red hair flopping down to cover his eyes. Potato head.

Actually, Nick had exaggerated the value of the movie for Benny's benefit. Benny thought every horror movie ever made was a masterpiece, twice as good as the one he'd seen the week before. Whenever they went to a triple feature, by the time the last show was over, Benny practically had an orgasm.

Up on the screen the zombie family was munching on their neighbors. The little girl zombie had her jaws locked around some old grandma's arm, chewing her a scarlet bracelet while the grandma screamed her appreciation.

For the most part, Nick didn't find horror movies all that scary, really. Although here and there they got you with a scene or just one image, something that jabbed all the way through your gut. He had to admit that. Lately he'd started judging them pretty much the way Benny did—the bigger, the more impressive the gross-out, the better. The bloodier the grander. It was a simple system. Fulci's latest earned four buckets early. Rusty, sloppy, gooey buckets of blood.

Not that that had much to do with being *scared*, though. You really couldn't *believe* in them.

Up on the bright screen (so bright it seemed almost *religious* sometimes, a *spiritual* light), the teenage boy zombie had just ambushed his father, clawing up his face and chest pretty good before finally eating out the old man's throat. Nick had to admit the scene bothered him a little: the old man looked just a little like his father, paunchy and balding, the rear of the old man's pants sagging halfway to the back of his knees. He wondered if the teenage zombie had always wanted to do something like that to his dad, or if becoming a zombie had made it happen. But maybe being a zombie was just an excuse. Nobody could *blame* a zombie after all—that was just part of its nature. Killing fathers, ripping out their throats.

Up on the screen the teenage zombie boy was doing something to his hysterical mother. The mothers in these pictures were *always* hysterical, always making such a big deal out of everything. Just like Nick's own mother.

Nick looked away. Suddenly he didn't want to see what the teenage zombie boy was doing to his own mother.

Everybody else had their eyes fixed on the dancing, bright red images, of course. All his so-called friends. His classmates. They'd all be graduating in a few weeks. Out in the world. Now *that* was scary.

They all stared at the screen like it was the most fascinating thing they'd ever seen. Like God had come down and was speaking just to them, doing a geek act, biting the heads off live rats and chickens. Their faces glowed crimson in the flickering light from the silver screen. Like the after-effects of some new kind of drug. A silver screen scream. A gore high. Now they'd soon be graduating from Gore High and entering the Big Bad World, stalked by Taxes, Bills and the many claws of Responsibility.

In fact, the idea of life after high school scared Nick so much he avoided thinking about it whenever possible. College was out. His parents had the money, or at least could certainly come up with it, but more school was the *last* thing he wanted.

Whenever his mom or dad asked him about his plans, he'd tell them he was "working" on it, and sometimes he'd show them his folder of "prospects" he'd collected in case they wanted some concrete evidence.

Some of the stuff in his folder were flyers he'd been handed while he was prowling around the mall with his friends, waiting for that week's movie to start.

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He knew his mom and dad didn't buy any of it, though. Hell, half of the things in his folder were old matchbook covers advertising worthless correspondence courses.

But they never asked about it. Sure, every once in a while they'd glance through the folder—he always left it out in the family room for their benefit—and they'd smile kind of uneasily at him. But they didn't want to *deal* with it. No way. Maybe they were as scared about his life after high school as he was. Maybe more. Maybe they were afraid he'd mooch off them until he was thirty. There were guys in the neighborhood who'd done exactly that. Scared guys, just like he was.

What the hell could he *do* anyway? What did he *know*?

Not much. Half the time he didn't even know who the hell he was.

For the life of him, Nick couldn't understand why he let his friends drag him to these movies every week.

Nick glanced back at the screen. He'd lost his place, but it probably didn't matter much. He was always daydreaming at the movies, wondering what was going to happen to him next. It didn't matter much what was going to happen in the *movie* next. Just more of the same. Especially in a zombie movie.

But something was wrong. Nick didn't recognize any of the characters. It could have been a different movie entirely for all he could tell.

This section of the film looked older, grainier. A lot of streaks, other kinds of garbage floated across the screen. Occasional giant hairs, insect parts. The film was in really bad shape, and the guy running the projector was probably drunk.

Finally he thought he recognized the teenage boy from before. The zombie boy. Dark hair and dark, staring eyes. But he looked a little different somehow. Like it was the same actor playing the boy, but in a different picture.

Up on the screen bright red hair had practically exploded from the boy's face.

He crept up behind the girl. His huge teeth pushed his lips apart into a distorted grin. She didn't see him. Sometimes Nick got so angry he felt like he could rip somebody up.

But Nick wanted to watch the picture now. He didn't want to be distracted by thinking about other things.

The boy's pale flesh was out of focus, then transparent. Nick could see gray blood pulsing through the fleshless throat, and just a ghost of teeth and tongue. Sometimes it felt like people looked right through him, didn't see him at all.

The boy's teeth sank into the cheerleader's neck. She looked just like Kristen Reynolds, the most popular girl in Nick's school, captain of the cheerleaders. Up on the screen the boy's groans sounded vaguely, embarrassingly, like *several* people having sex, like an orgy. The groans came from speakers all over the theater, loud, moist, stereo groans. Nick could get so anxious sometimes he'd chew off the inside of his mouth and suck on the blood that welled up in his swollen lips. The salty taste seemed to calm him.

The zombie boy paced stiffly from house to house, looking for survivors. His chin painted with gore, his cheeks rouged with corruption, he seemed unaware of anything but his unnatural appetite. Sometimes Nick would make himself have no feelings, no thoughts even. It was the only way he could make it through a hard day.

At some point the movie had lost focus. Up on the screen the giant faces grew blurrier and blurrier, like Nick was watching the movie through tears. Somebody in the theater *was* crying, pretty loud, in stereo, but Nick didn't think it was him. He thought it must be one of the actors up on the screen, crying because the teenage boy zombie was eating their face off or something.

Suddenly the screen shifted into sharp focus as the zombies dragged an ice cream vendor out of his truck, little zombie kids licking away at his stretching, panicked fingers as if they were fudgesickles, licking at them until they bled. A couple of the dough-faced, red-eyed kids got a little over anxious, though, just like ice cream eating kids will sometimes, and suddenly bit off the tops of their slender treats. Little kids could be pretty greedy, even zombie kids.

While the ice cream vendor was screaming, the camera zoomed in for a close-up, right into his wide open mouth, until yellow molars and gray fillings spread across the screen. Then the focus fouled up again, the ice cream guy's gigantic teeth became blurry, and the next thing he knew Nick was looking at something else entirely, a new scene with different characters.

"Does it scare you?" Benny said into Nick's ear, then fell back into his seat with a crazy, high-pitched giggle. For the life of him, Nick still couldn't remember why he let his friends drag him to these movies every week.

In the movie a young couple about Nick's age were making love in the bottom half of a bunk bed, arms and legs thrashing like some agitated pink spider with two heads. He was surprised they didn't fall out on the floor. Suddenly a wicked-looking metal arrow erupted from the guy's back, having traveled through the girl's body, making *sure* they didn't fall out of that bed. Nick felt his stomach sort of reach up and pull on his tongue.

Does it scare you?

Oh yeah. Nick always looked under the bed before he climbed in, to do anything.

People die. And death was ugly. Nick had learned at least that much from his trips to the movies. It was like practicing, and even the practice was ugly.

Now on the screen a young boy's body was spread out on a dining room table. Suddenly blood began to seep from dozens of small puncture wounds. The dinner guests—their faces in shadow—held their cups to the tender young fountain to drink.

A stake was driven through a head. A tongue was ripped out with giant, pincer-like tongs. The head was an eggshell, the tongue a tender string of meat. The body was as fragile as shadow in bright sunlight.

The body was opened, sliced and diced, torn open, and *dispensed*.

Nick hadn't felt the gag reflex at the movies in years. The fragility of the human body was an astonishing thing.

A knife entered the young boy's throat. The flesh tore like tissue paper.

The little girl zombie, up on the brilliant screen bigger than life, reached into her mother's smoking body cavity and started playing with her insides. Then she began smearing the parts on her face, just like she was experimenting with Mommy's makeup. The organs didn't look real—they looked more like bits of sausage, strings of cheese and fat. Zombie food. But Nick had to wonder if maybe real human organs were just like that: unreal, nightmarish, unlike anything you ever saw wide awake in the clear light of day. Zombie food.

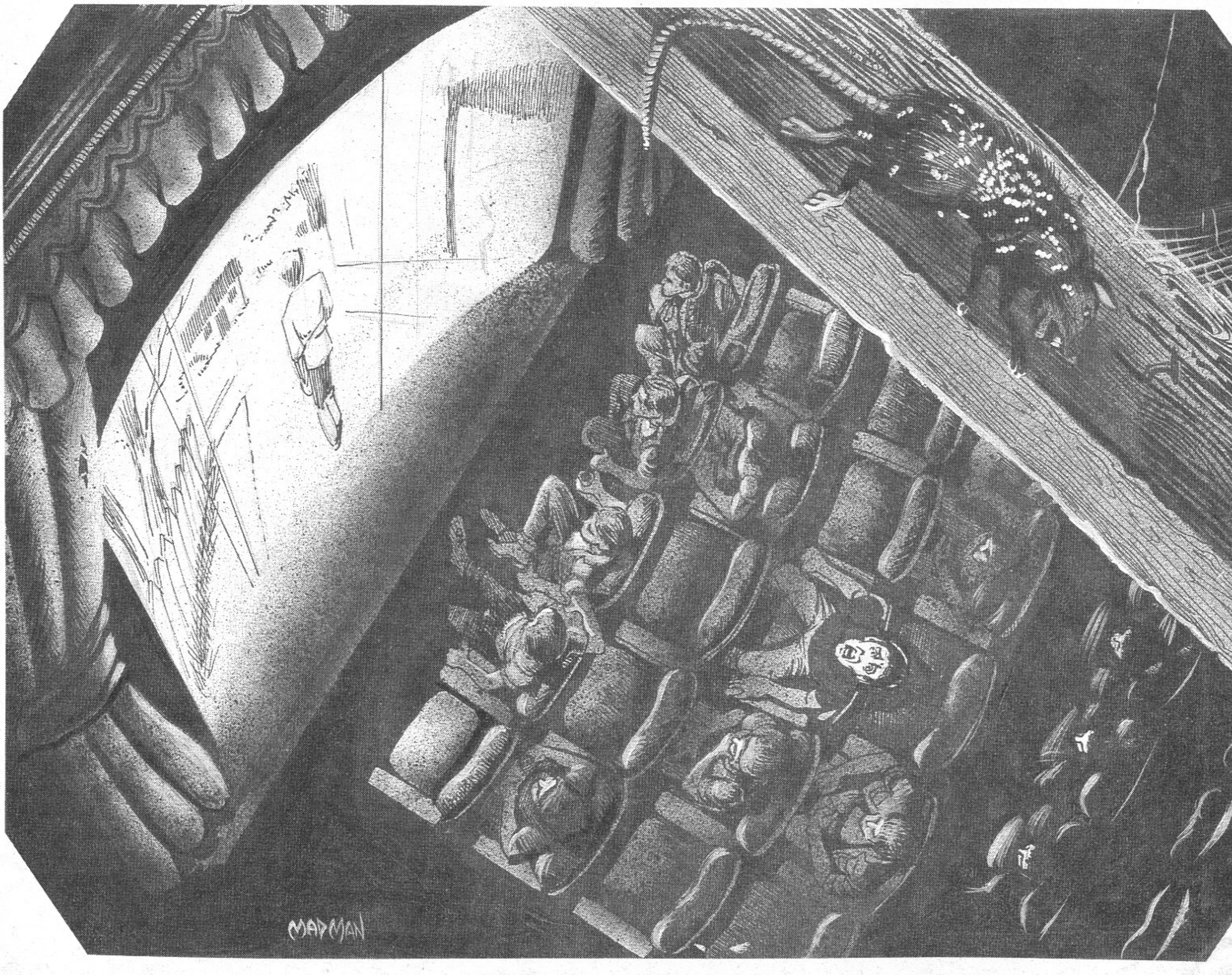
Human beings could be some pretty violent, ugly animals, all right. But they had some pretty ugly things to face. Death, for one. Each other, for another.

Nick couldn't take his eyes away from the screen. He knew now that the film was a silly, disorganized mess, but he just couldn't ignore it. When someone on the screen had their fingers snipped off, or their legs smashed, he thought about how it would feel if it had happened to him. The physical traumas seemed so real, so *possible*. He could feel the possibilities right down at the nerve level—the nerves in his fingers and legs seemed electrified, telegraphing their anxiety—as if they had independent feeling, separate from his own.

You had to laugh at the movies they saw sometimes—there was no other way. They were just so absurd. But that was the way they got to you. You'd be laughing and then they'd hit you with a scene like the zombie teenager killing and eating his father, and it made you more than just a little uneasy. It cut too close to the bone. But it didn't quite turn you off. You'd keep watching because you knew that pretty soon you'd be laughing again, and then the movie would sneak up on you and get you all over again with something else that put a nervous twist in your heart.

The film began to bubble, corrupt just as the bodies flickering on the screen became corrupt, dissolving a little more with each passing frame of film. The plastic film

(continued on page 55)



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After a short hiatus, minimogul Charles Band returns to the low-budget fear field with *Puppetmaster*. This time, he's ahead of the game.

By BILL WARREN

Charles Band: FULL MOON RISING

> ***"The time is coming when quality product can be made and released directly onto video without the [made-for-video] stigma."***

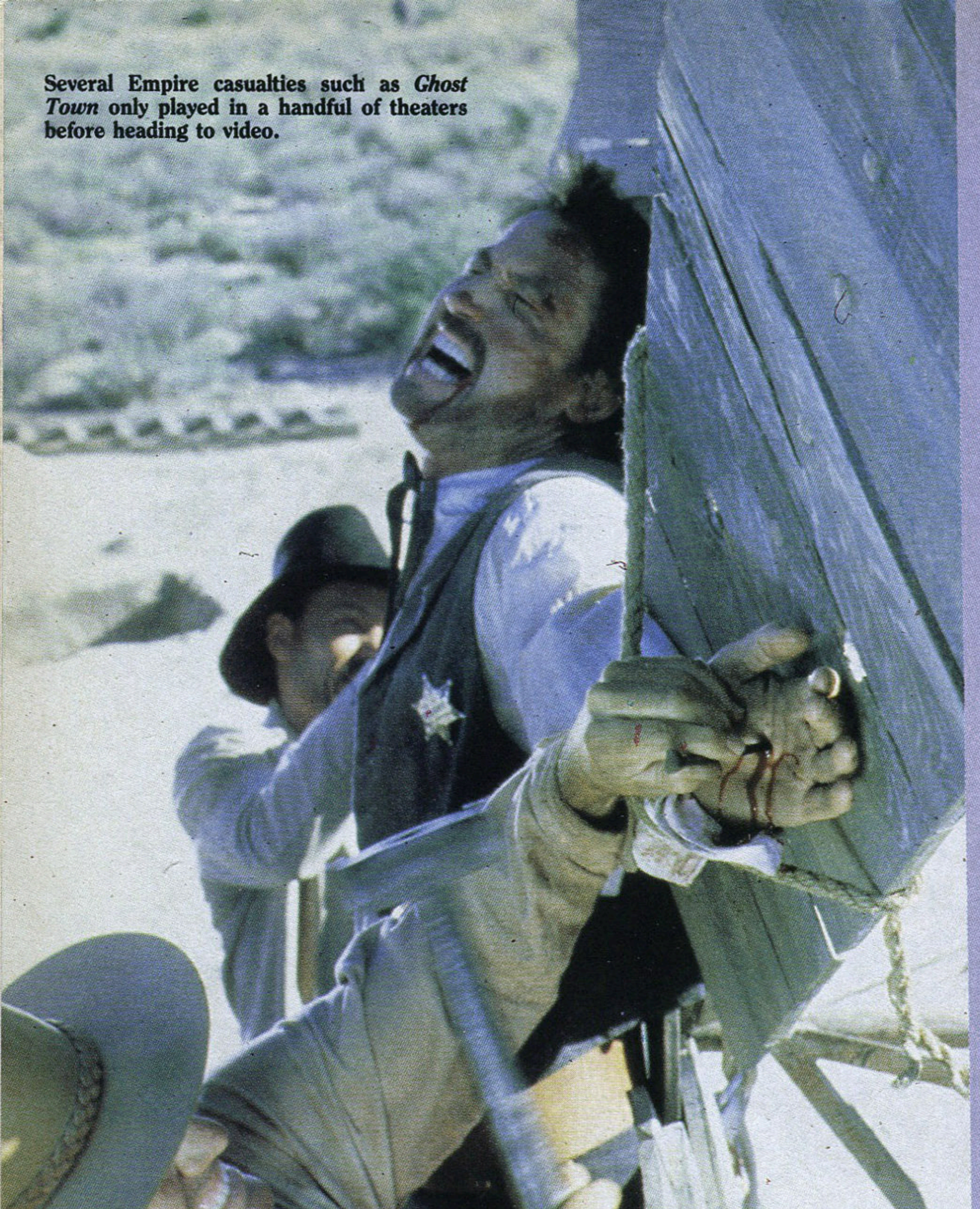
Just about everyone who deals with Charles Band calls him "Charlie." This is immediately understandable when you meet the guy. He's young, relaxed and informal, a Charlie to the core. And he's disarming; an interviewer prepared with tough questions concerning some of his recent bombs quietly sets them aside and concentrates on less controversial stuff. Band puts an interviewer at ease immediately, trying to recall where they had met before, and being candid about the problems that beset Empire Pictures, the company that Band previously ran, which had to be sold to meet debts.

Rumors about questionable business practices surround every filmmaker working primarily in medium to low-budget movies, and it's no different for Band. Still, he has a core of loyal employees who have been with him for several years, and most filmmakers who have worked with Band speak well of the man. Yes, he works swiftly, yes, his films are exploitative and sometimes obvious, but he clearly loves movies.

This interview was conducted early in

This *Puppetmaster* gal must switch to a better mouthwash.

Puppetmaster Photos: Copyright Full Moon Entertainment



Several Empire casualties such as *Ghost Town* only played in a handful of theaters before heading to video.

> **"The less time I spent involved with a production [at Empire], the less the picture showed any real magic."**

January 1989, as the first Full Moon production, Puppetmaster, *was beginning postproduction special FX. The next Full Moon entries,* Crash and Burn *and* Shadowzone, *had just been announced, and art for them lay along the all of Band's pearl-gray office in a skyscraper on the Sunset Strip. Band talks primarily about the* business of *making movies, a rare type of interview for these pages, but hey, we figure you guys are now ready for the hard stuff: dealmaking.*

GOREZONE: What happened to Empire Pictures?

CHARLES BAND: The problems really were two-fold. There were all the normal problems with all the independents because the business has changed radically. These independents, including Empire, became too big too fast, driven by a worldwide home video fever that dried up. The fever mainly for B movies in the home video markets was very forgiving; anything sold. Today, it's just not the case. It's an A-driven market, but the occasional B movie will work. The premise of Empire in the early '80s made sense, but in the late '80s, it makes no sense. Control your own distribution? That's not necessary today. Make 4,000 movies a year? You can't do that anymore.

The other thing that happened to Empire is that in the early days, when we made a dozen or so video hits, pictures that did very well internationally as well, we sold the rights to several video distributors at a bargain price. Had Empire been able to control its own video destiny while the video world was exploding, and reaped the benefits of its video successes, it would not have had any financial problems.

Typically, we would make a picture on a small loss, assuming we would see overages from video, but the deal we made from video, which would sometimes help get the picture made, just didn't have a chance of showing us overages because it was written in such a way that we would have to sell truckloads of tapes to make any money beyond the advance. It doesn't take too many of those kind of movies to ultimately create a deficit. Empire never had any huge amount of debt, but the only way it would have been able to turn itself around would have been to get a lot more money to make bigger movies and do business differently. It got to be very wearying at the end, as well. You have to be on call morning and night to the banks you're involved with, and that's just not what I wanted to do.

GZ: So you were operating on a kind of brinksmanship policy that worked fine when the market was flush, but when the market went away, you toppled over the brink?

BAND: Yes. Some companies went down in flames, other companies went bankrupt. Neither of these things happened to Empire. It was a graceful end to a five-year history of making 50-odd movies. And I left with an enormous amount of experience, hopefully some of it useful to me now, and with a rare op-

"The Evil Clergyman" (David Warner) delivers his last sermon in *Pulse Pounders*, directed by Charles Band (inset).

portunity in a whole new world to start again, in a sense, but doing things the right way. I've been very, very lucky. 1988 was a great year for me. I've no regrets.

GZ: The quality of the Empire movies varied, and tended downward somewhat over the years.

BAND: I don't know how to say it without sounding like I did everything over there, which I clearly didn't, but the less time I spent involved in a production, the less the picture showed any real magic. We had good filmmakers and bad filmmakers; we took chances with a lot of new filmmakers, and some of those worked out real well and some were disappointments. The earlier pictures, even though they were all modest efforts, were better than the later ones, because for the last year and a half of Empire, I barely had five percent of my time and energy left to deal with filmmaking. That's why with the new companies, I plan to do just one thing, and that is to *make* these pictures.

At Empire, I spent most of my time dealing with things that were outside what I love doing, which is making movies and being on a motion picture set. So I decided to set up my new life in a way that would really divide the two areas I wanted to concentrate in. I set up Bandcompany and Full Moon Productions. Bandcompany basically will be making one or two larger-budgeted films a year, the first one of which is *Pit and the Pendulum*, which Stuart Gordon is directing in Italy. There are a couple of others in preparation that will probably wind up being deals directly with studios, where we won't be involved in any of the sales or marketing, but those movies are few and far between. Sometimes, seven or eight months go by between projects. Sometimes years, if you're really unlucky.

So as not to give up what I love doing, which is being a prolific filmmaker, I also set up a separate operation, both logistically and in its nature, called Full Moon, which is staffed with about 15 people. Between Bandcompany—there's 12 of us here, and four more members of Bandcompany in Italy—and Full Moon, there's a total of 31 or 32 employees. That's a third of what Empire had.

Full Moon will be making six to eight features a year, which is a lot, and they will be films very much like *Re-Animator*, *Dolls*, *From Beyond*, *Trancers* and *Eliminators*—movies that were successful internationally, and did especially well on video, and are clearly genre films. I didn't want to have to distribute our own features both theatrically and on video. We don't need to reinvent what Fox and Paramount have done well for decades. No need to carry that overhead. So my first choice was Paramount Home Video. We worked out a great deal with them, and separately with Paramount International, who will be handling the Full Moon product.

ENQUIRER
BABOON-HEA
BABY'S MOTH
WANTED BY POL
KILL

Photo: Bob Villard

Enquiring ghouls wanna know why Empire never came close to topping its early success, *Re-Animator*.

With Bandcompany, each picture will have a different home. It just depends. The larger projects, which will be fewer and further between, are not going to be any one-outfit-type deal, whereas Full Moon handles a fairly defined type of picture, ones between $1.5 and 2 million. They aren't going to go straight to video; that was a bit of a misunderstanding in the early press releases. Any one of them could be a cult classic in disguise, and we won't know until the last minute, so each one should

You're a good man, Charlie Band, for hiring Stuart (*From Beyond*) Gordon to helm your *Pit and the Pendulum* remake.

The unreleased *Transformations* from Empire's "Golden Age," is so bad that no one even admits that it exists!

> **"Any [Full Moon film] could be a cult classic in disguise, and we won't know until the last minute."**

have a shot. If they don't perform theatrically, then they'll go out on video sooner.

GZ: You're out of the cassette market directly?

BAND: We are no longer in any way, shape or form involved in distribution of motion pictures. Bandcompany and Full Moon are two production companies.

GZ: Big studio filmmaking is an area you haven't been involved in yet, isn't it?

BAND: No, I've not yet been involved in a real standard studio film, where you come up with the idea and you're proven as a filmmaker, and the studio feels comfortable enough to put up $15 or 20 million to fund your picture. Those will come. I have to make five or six movies of the kind we've proven we can make and make profitably.

GZ: What about the idea that some films play theatrically almost entirely to advertise their video release?

BAND: That's a fair question, but every time you try to figure out how this whole thing works, three months later the concept is obsolete and you've got to think about it again.

Truly, I don't believe that a limited release adds *anything* to home video sales. People have a good sense when they go into the stores to rent or buy: It feels right, it doesn't sound like something they've seen before. The time is coming when quality product can be made and released directly onto video without the stigma of its being a "made-for-vid" release, which turns people off.

For Full Moon, there are two pictures we've just announced: *Shadowzone*, which will be going in April or early May and right after that, we'll do *Crash and Burn*. The latter will also involve robotics, including one large robot for which Dave Allen will be doing the stop-motion effects. And we'll probably be announcing at least one more, probably two, by the Cannes Film Festival. The plan is to make six over the course of a year.

GZ: Why were so many films still on the shelf when Empire was sold?

BAND: Because for the final four or five months, the president of Empire, the chief financial operator and myself were trying to convince the banks to allow Empire to change course. There was a whole list of things we wanted to do, and it required more money. During that period, we had films that would have fit nicely into that new Empire; we didn't want to give every last film away to various home video companies. We wanted to start off with a bit of a head start. So there was a kind of moratorium put on finishing certain pictures, selling certain pictures. We kind of kept everything to try and make this deal. When the deal didn't work out the way I wanted it and this other offer came about, another four or five months went by, only because it takes that much time for new people to come in and figure out what they've got. So the pictures are being finished, and now—through God knows *what* convoluted deal—they are coming out. There were about seven or eight of them, the best of which, the absolutely last picture Empire made, was *Robot Jox*. It would be ironic if it became a big hit.

GZ: In an interview, you said the horror market has dried up. Is this still true?

BAND: It's not that it dries up. What happens is that there's an overabundance of product, and as a result of that, sometimes it's tougher to presell a horror film. But at any time, historically, a well-made B movie, which is what we're making here, can do well in the international market place. If you had a choice, you'd want to make probably a science fiction picture, maybe an SF fantasy film, because most people do go out and make horror films. It's a genre that has been so overdone that it's tough to come up with much that's terribly original, that jumps out as different from nine other pictures.

When I started making these movies, it was back in the days before just about all ancillary rights. It was a smaller world. Back in the early to mid-'70s, it was fairly traditional to make a deal with an independent distributor for all rights, worldwide. You would sit there after you got your small, paltry advance, waiting for royalty statements, waiting for more money that never came. Not that distributors are crooks, they're just in such a no-win business that they wind up going out of business, and producers and people who put up money for small pictures end up getting burned.

Today it's different. People are more sophisticated; there are many different markets. You can sell a U.S. deal, you can sell a video deal, you can sell TV, and as long as you're somewhat astute, you can do fairly well and not get hurt too badly.

If it's your first movie and no one's ever heard of you but you can make it for a reasonable budget, do your homework and see what video's worth, and what foreign's worth, and what TV's worth; you have to try to make your picture within those confines. But as far as how to get the money to make the picture in order to collect the money once you deliver, you gotta go out and find it. If you're talking about the downside on a small picture, then in fact, the "worldwide aggregate of sales" type of package, if you're careful, can cover the negative cost of a motion picture. There was a time when basically unknown filmmakers could walk into any of these companies, like Vestron or New World, and say, "I've got a $500,000 small horror film and here's the script," as long as it looked like there was something decent there, they would get the financing. Those days are over. In general, the market is dried up except for those few exceptional films that look like there may be some class.

Band insists that his new genre lineup will fare better in the marketplace than Empire also-rans like *Deadly Weapon*.

Empire Photos: Copyright Empire

Just after Empire wrapped *Arena* and began planning more bigger-budgeted productions, the bottom fell out.

GZ: What are the problems in making a film that's popular both here and overseas?

BAND: I've found pictures and genres that universally work, primarily in the ancillary markets. At a certain point, on the other side of the coin, if you're looking to make bigger pictures, studio films, then you have to really think about first and foremost what picture would turn you on the most, and if you hopefully have taste that reflects what moviegoers want to see, then you'll be successful. It's a little tough to calculate every time what would be liked in Germany, Italy, France and so on. At a certain point on smaller pictures, you can say, "We're better off making an SF horror film than a drama with nobody in it," but that's in our smaller world of B movies.

There is no secret formula. If there was, everyone would have figured it out a long time ago and been incredibly successful. There's no way to know.

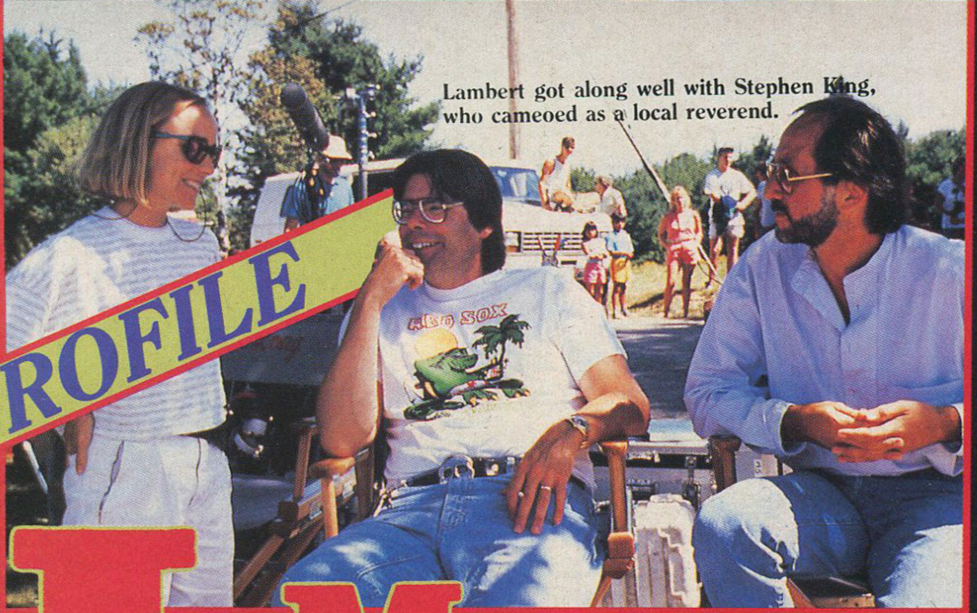
GZ: How do you choose your writers and directors?

BAND: It's easier in the case of a writer because you can read what he's written. Our films are usually based on concepts I put together, then we find writers. So we don't usually read scripts looking for a great script, we're just looking for a talented writer.

Directing is tougher, because unless the director has two or three pictures under his belt and we can watch his films, it's a gamble. Two or three people out of film school have made pictures for me. There are so many different ways of

(continued on page 55)

PROFILE



Lambert got along well with Stephen King, who cameoed as a local reverend.

MARY LAMBERT: Caretaker of "PET SEMATARY"

By RODNEY A. LABBE

"It's a different kind of horror film. It doesn't have a human villain. The villain is fear."

Sigh. A director's work is never done. After two and a half months spent on location in the wilds of Maine (and four additional months of postproduction), Mary Lambert is still trying to piece together Stephen King's *Pet Sematary*—and the delays just keep on coming. Problems have ranged from inserts that needed reshooting to unexpectedly complicated optical FX, all of which have given Paramount a massive corporate headache. They've sought relief by pushing back the film's premiere to late April, a sure sign that things aren't progressing smoothly.

Even a seasoned filmmaker might consider switching careers under these conditions, but Mary Lambert is made of sterner stuff. Believe it or not, she's also currently in the process of helming Madonna's newest video release, "Like a Prayer." Now, *there's* diversity for you!

Pet Sematary alone could establish Lambert as a "hot" director. The project—long considered a George Romero property—is the most anticipated film version of any Stephen King novel since Stanley Kubrick tackled *The Shining* almost a decade ago. Before cameras began rolling last August, stalled negotiations had practically deep-sixed the production. Once *Pet Sematary* was revived, however, Romero's name was conspicuously missing from the director's slot, replaced with Mary Lambert's. Fright fans were in an uproar. How could an unknown ever hope to fill the shoes of George Romero, acknowledged master of cinema terror? It seemed the ultimate heresy.

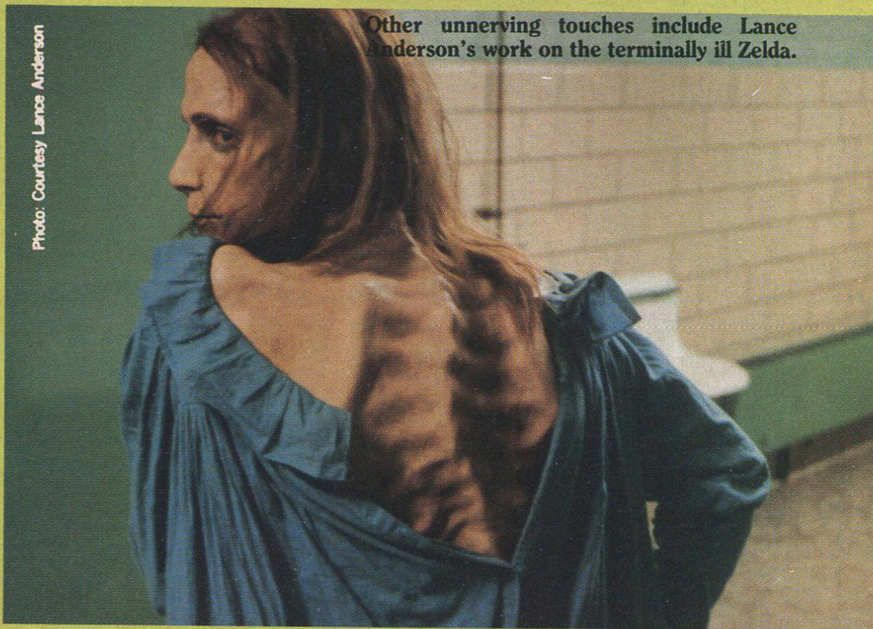
No one is more aware of the controversy than Lambert, who wisely chose to ignore the negatives and instead focused her energies on getting the job done professionally. "My first duty was to capture Stephen's vision," she says, from her Pet Films studio in Los Angeles, "and that's not exactly the

easiest thing to do. Look at how many filmmakers have tried and failed. Basically, he and I agreed on what direction *Pet Sematary* should take."

It would appear that this direction is a move away from the supernatural elements so prevalent in King's novel. Set reports have indicated that Lambert has opted to emphasize the psychological effects of death and dying, rather than play up the horror angle. Purists expecting a literal adaptation could be in for a big disappointment.

"I guarantee that the people who loved Steve's book will *not* be upset by what we've done," defends Lambert. "The only changes have come directly from the pen of Stephen King himself. It's practically impossible to transfer a book directly to the screen. Some things are bound to be lost, but in our case, a few are gained."

Lambert has a great deal riding on the success of *Pet Sematary*. Though she's earned a reputation as a competent artist, her only other full-length feature credit was last year's offbeat *Siesta*, a spectacular failure at the box office. Critics were sufficiently impressed, as was producer Richard Rubinstein, who offered her the *Pet Sematary* assignment upon King's approval. The two films share a strikingly similar point of view—that things are not as they seem. Indeed, this is a major theme running throughout *Pet Sematary*. As Lambert has often stated, it's left up to the viewer to decide what is real and what is imagined.



Other unnerving touches include Lance Anderson's work on the terminally ill Zelda.

Photo: Courtesy Lance Anderson

"*Pet Sematary* is a classic horror piece," she adds. "The film's got top-notch scares. It isn't some vague spiritual adventure, and we don't pull any punches. There's a message. I believe entertainment can comfort as well as instruct."

Apparently, Lambert has no qualms about describing *Pet Sematary* as a horror vehicle, but during production, the atmosphere on the set told a decidedly different tale. Crew members and performers alike consistently danced away from the word "horror." Only one man connected with *Pet Sematary*, FX master Lance Anderson, actually came right out and called it a genre film.

Whatever the case, the dismal financial reception of *Siesta* did little to enamor Lambert to Hollywood's moneymen. Before any "prestige" projects can be sent her way, she must prove herself worthy,

Photo: Abigayle Tarsches

Pet Photos: Copyright 1989 Paramount

Victor Pascow made sure Mary Lambert didn't wimp out making *Pet Sematary*.

The director lavishes mucho praise on Lance Anderson's mechanical Gage FX.

> "I guarantee that the people who loved King's book will *not* be upset by what we've done."

and perhaps *Pet Sematary* will do the trick. Lambert's only real directorial success thus far has been in the video arena. Madonna's "Like a Virgin" and "Material Girl" are two that have received critical and popular acclaim. Viewed today, they display a flashy style, particularly "Material Girl." If Lambert can imbue *Pet Sematary* with similar energy, the film might just rise above the more pedestrian King adaptations.

"Mary is a true professional," says Brad Greenquist, who plays the pivotal role of living dead college student Victor Pascow. "She listens, and that's a refreshing quality in a director. Her point comes across loud and clear. I have no idea how George Romero would have handled *Pet Sematary*, but it's unfair that Mary's had to battle his image."

Unfair or not, comparisons between the two directors are bound to be made. *Pet Sematary* was highly touted as a follow-up to the successful King/Romero collaboration *Creepshow*, and since a plausible explanation has yet to be offered for Romero's departure, fans have been left to wonder. A crew member confesses, "The shadow of Romero hangs over us like a shroud. We've been told not to say anything about it. The topic is a sensitive one for many people, especially Mary. She wouldn't even conduct interviews until after the production had wrapped."

With the film now in its editing phase, Lambert is more accessible to the press, but the Romero issue is still touchy. "I knew George was originally supposed to direct *Pet Sematary*," she says. "When I was approached, he'd already left, and I had nothing whatsoever to do with his decision. I've tried to put my own stamp on this film. I admire Romero greatly, but we're different artists and have vastly different ideas."

Lambert comes to *Pet Sematary* with a solid background in the arts. She studied painting at the Rhode Island School of Design and first became involved in film as co-owner of New Shorts film graphics studio. She subsequently produced and co-directed the award-winning *Rapid Eye Movements*.

Following a brief stint at a Boston-based public television station, Lambert relocated to Hollywood and worked as a sound editor and film graphics artist. From 1979 to 1981, she held the position of creative designer for Midocean, a studio specializing in computer-generated images. While there, Lambert earned plaudits for designing and directing the title sequences of NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. She also contributed FX to some of Francis Ford Coppola's ill-fated Zoetrope Studio productions.

Lambert left Midocean in 1982 and became a free-lance director. Her credits since have included several film trailers—among them *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*—but Lambert really hit her stride with the advent of music videos. She's directed some of the best-known pop acts in the business, including Madonna, the Eurythmics, the B-52's, Sheila E., the Go-Gos and Mick Jagger. Now *Pet Sematary* has introduced her to the weird world of Stephen King, a Maine populated by literary vampires, wendigoes and the walking dead.

"One of the wonderful things about Stephen King is his wild storytelling ability," she praises. "The man is absolutely fascinating, and we got along famously. There was so much I could do with his screenplay. It had a ton of characterization and conflict. And I thought Maine was beautiful. We tried to catch the local color—the eerie surroundings, the isolated, quiet beauty."

Maine, famous for its rugged coastline and mild summers, was smack-dab in the middle of a tropical heat wave when the *Pet Sematary* unit arrived. By mid-October, cast and crew (most of them accustomed to the balmier conditions of southern California) were acclimating themselves to New England on the brink of winter. Says Lambert, "The entire company was professional, right down to the tiniest detail. We were in a place unequipped for moviemaking. There were no facilities, and we had to do the best we could. We became like family. That's the sad thing about going on location: You all grow so close, and then suddenly, it's time to say goodbye."

Lambert also has words of high praise for the FX team, supervised by Lance Anderson. It was Anderson who built the articulated puppet that stood in for little Gage Creed (Miko Hughes) when the going got tough. "It was remarkable, a really frightening likeness," Lambert shudders. "At times, we couldn't tell where the real Miko ended and the puppet began."

Director Lambert was so impressed

with the effect that she had it do everything but jump through hoops. "Mary wanted Gage to go into a spaz," Anderson snickers. "She kept telling us to bang him off the walls, to make him freak out. Seen from the standpoint that this is supposed to be a real live little boy, we could be accused of child abuse! But it was all accomplished through the magic of special effects."

The most disturbing scenes in *Pet Sematary* are those involving Gage's return from the grave. Death is an uncomfortable topic, and when children are concerned, that discomfort quotient rises exponentially. Lambert counts on that working in *Pet Sematary*'s favor. "People *will* be disturbed by this film," she points out. "It should leave them feeling slightly uneasy. Death, after all, is our greatest fear."

Directing a child, in this case an active 2-year-old boy, was a unique experience for Lambert, a challenge that brought along a few unexpected problems of its own. She recalls the situation with a smile. "The baby scenes were harder to pull off convincingly, but Miko was great. He was verbal, intelligent, precocious, and everybody enjoyed being around him. There were a few instances when I asked Miko to be an adult, but we shielded him from the blood and all the dirty deeds. He had to have constant attention and would tire easily, which made for delays on certain scenes. Still, he surprised everyone. He gives an incredible performance."

As filmed, the violence in *Pet Sematary* would garner an X rating. Aside from little Gage's butchering of both Mom (Denise Crosby) and Jud Crandall (Fred Gwynne), there's also the extremely bloody and prolonged demise of Victor Pascow. In fact, a considerable amount of screen time is dedicated to the violent dispatching of victims.

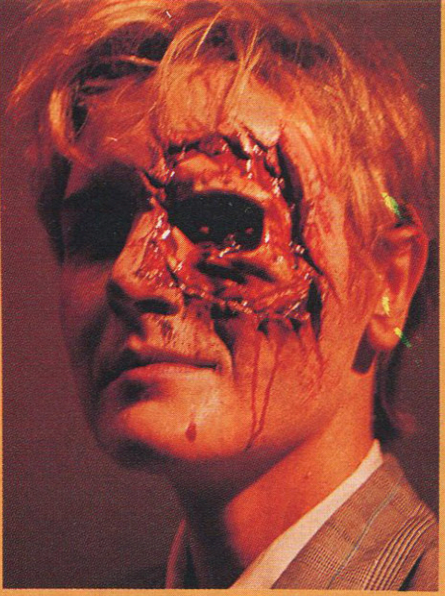


Photo: Courtesy Lance Anderson

Between takes, Denise Crosby entertained cast and crew by showing off old *Star Trek: The Next Generation* wounds.

Lambert views the issue philosophically. "My greatest hope is that *Pet Sematary* will hit a wide and appreciative audience. I'd like them to accept the violence as a realization of images and not be put off by it. They should allow themselves to be engrossed. It's true that most of the deaths are gruesome, and the death of Jud is particularly graphic, but they're part of a tapestry—a tapestry of terror, so to speak."

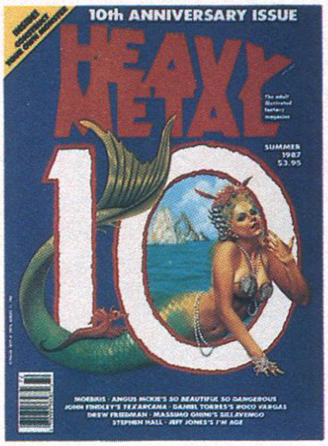
At presstime, Lambert is in the final editing stages of Madonna's latest video, "Like a Prayer." The video kicks off Madonna's multimillion dollar commercial deal with Diet Pepsi and could very well reach more viewers than the ambitious *Pet Sematary*. The industry eye, nonetheless, is on the film. If *Pet Sematary* clicks—and in the absence of any other Stephen King product, it just might—then Mary Lambert could at last have that elusive smash under her belt.

Underneath it all, *Pet Sematary* is a relationship movie.

The implication of the child (Miko Hughes) in familial violence will certainly cause audiences to flip out. Look what it did to Fred Gwynne.

"It's a different kind of horror film," she offers. "There isn't a human villain. The villain is fear. Louis Creed cannot confront the awful finality of death. It frightens him. Because of this fear, a whole chain reaction of horrible events comes into play. Creed doesn't realize that once the fear of death is defeated, dying isn't such a bad thing anymore. It's merely the logical conclusion."

FANTASY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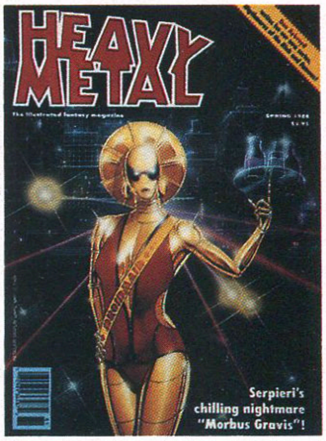
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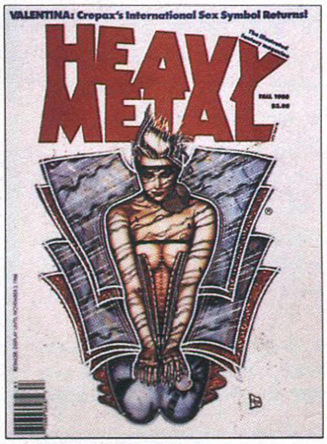
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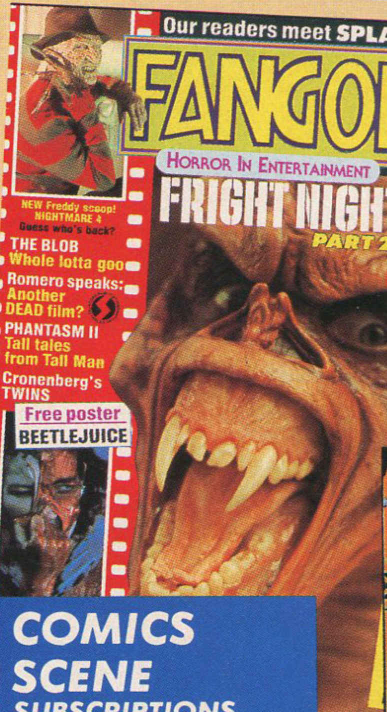
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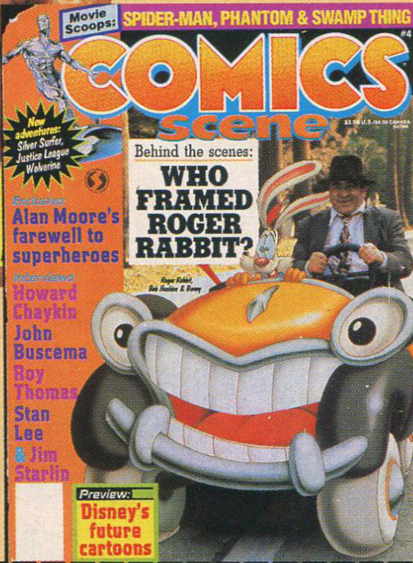
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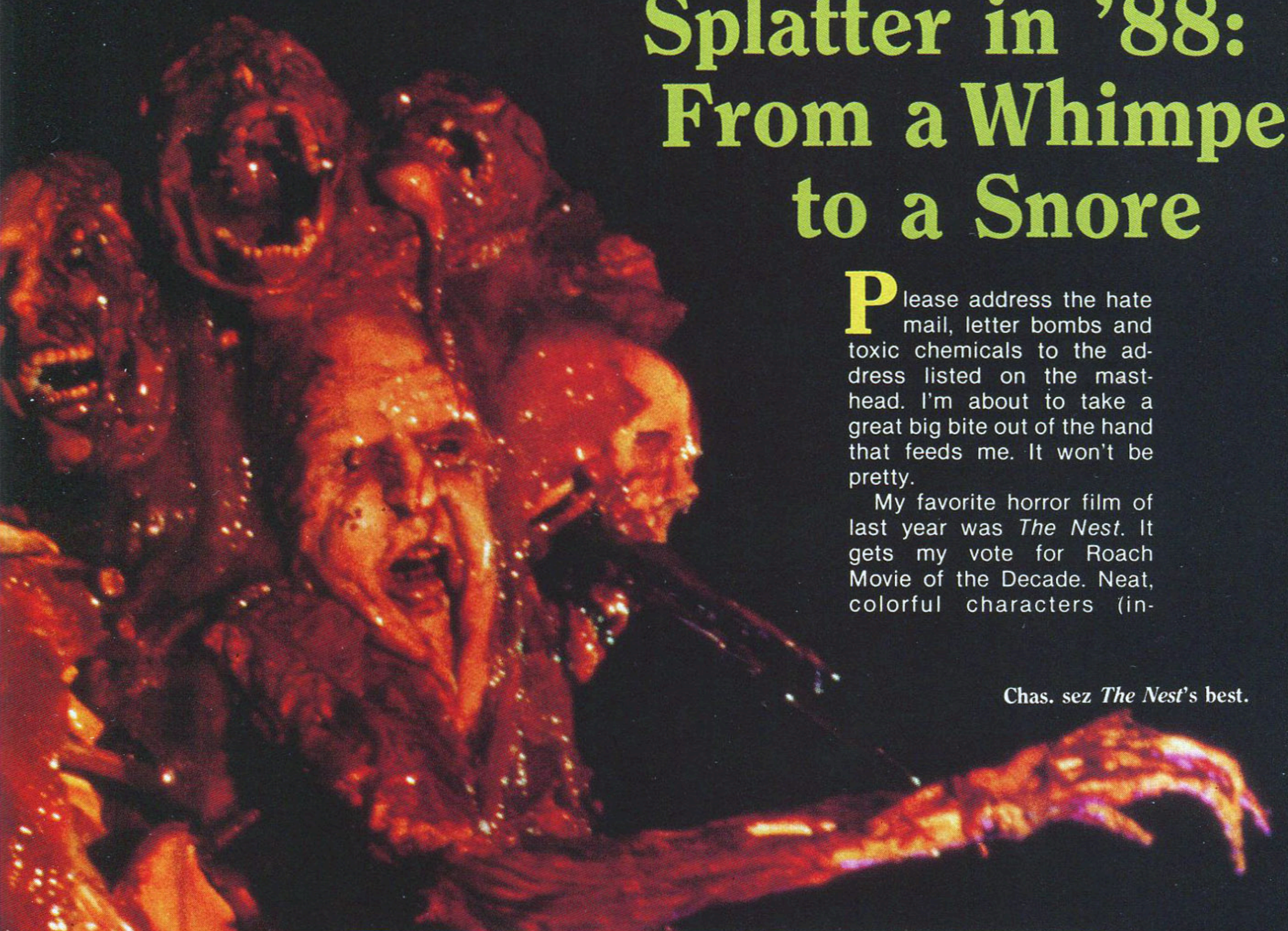
PIECE O'MIND

by Chas. Balun

Splatter in '88: From a Whimper to a Snore



Please address the hate mail, letter bombs and toxic chemicals to the address listed on the masthead. I'm about to take a great big bite out of the hand that feeds me. It won't be pretty.

My favorite horror film of last year was *The Nest*. It gets my vote for Roach Movie of the Decade. Neat, colorful characters (in-

Chas. sez *The Nest*'s best.

Photo: Copyright 1988 The Geffen Co.

The Automobile Association of America recruited this guy for Jaywalking Awareness Week.

cluding a sexy lady researcher who becomes aroused by roach bites), cool dialogue and a refreshing lack of pretense. And the bugs! Yow! Bugs in your mouth, in your malt, in the toaster, the griddle and the microwave! Giant, eye-popping, mutant hybrids that rip and tear their way through feline, canine and human flesh! Totally tasteless, terrific fun from Roger Corman's Concorde Studios.

My second favorite was *Last House on Dead End Street*. Yeah, I know it was made 12 years ago, but I saw it for the first time this past year, so that's gonna count. Besides, nothing else released during '88 or early '89 managed to take a croquet mallet to my psyche like this sick, sadistic hatefest did.

This is not to say I missed every major horror release last year. My sin is not one of omission; nope, it's not that easy. I saw 'em *all*, and from the first row, too! Right in my face. I found myself saying rude things to the screen, unconscionably traitorous remarks about our beloved genre, about Freddy, the Myers kid—Jason, even. I tried desperately to fall asleep during *Beetlejuice*, but the cool hipsters in the audience kept me awake with their hyenalike barks of laughter. I didn't get it.

TV will kill Freddy and all who follow.

It's hard to believe ol' finger-knives has sunk this low.

Miller
Genuine Draf

Photo: Lorimar

Nest Photo: Copyright 1987 Concorde Pictures

I stiffened in my seat, completely struck dumb (and numb) by the tacky, twirling polyhedron hovering over the decade's worst matte painting in *Hellbound: Hellraiser II*. Uh, excuse me, wasn't that supposed to be Leviathan, Lord of Hell or something? Was I out of place to be expecting some kind of neat monster or demon? Why do people want to be skinned alive and then torn apart by chains with hooks in 'em, anyway? Where's the fun in that? And those pins in the puss of that pasty-faced, bald wazoo—that's a sure sign that the guy knows how to party, right? I didn't get it. Again.

When I went to see the eagerly-awaited *Phantasm II*, I thought I'd stumbled into a time warp upon entering the theater. Didn't I see this exact film 10 years ago? Oh, maybe not. The "new" one features better makeup and more silver spheres. Oh, boy.

I honestly wasn't crushed when director and gore apologist John (*Cellar Dweller*) Buechler trashed Jason and the series with a cinematic shit sandwich called *Friday the 13th, Part VII: The New Blood*. I was expecting that. Now Jason's right in the toilet along with those goshdarn grinning ghoulies.

I went out for popcorn during both *Halloween 4: The Return of Michael Myers* and *Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master* and read all the credits on all the posters in the lobby. Twice.

Oh, there were plenty of others, but you get the point. Anyway, a column as brief as this simply will not allow the space needed for me to insult all our readers at one time. Besides, after this inflammatory, sour-tongued diatribe, I may not have that to worry about ever again. Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Hell, it's not just the films, either. There seems to be a movement afoot that threatens to take contemporary horror cinema into areas where it does not belong. On TV, for example, the graveyard of the cathode ray. TV will kill Freddy and all who follow. Besides, who needs more weak-kneed, eviscerated, safe-and-sane "horror" shows on the tube, anyway? Don't we get enough of that chickenshit in the theaters and video stores as it is?

Another disturbing trend is the apparent migration by many former goremeisters away from splatter and toward greener (I do mean greener) pastures. Many deny that they even make horror films anymore. They've begun to apologize for what they've done in the past, as if there is some inherent "shame" associated with a bloody good splatter flick. FANGORIA #77's cover screams, "Tom Savini Shocker: 'I Hate Splatter!' " Yow, that hurts.

More recently, Clive Barker's statements published in Washington's *The Edmond's Paper* under an article titled "Horror Master Seeks New Avenues" (10/12/88) included, "Horror for its own sake is boring," and ". . . fantasy is able to take people to a new way of thinking." According to the article, Barker is also currently working on a children's book and longs to dabble in science fiction.

Don't jump to conclusions, my GoreZonian brethren, Barker still walks on water. But those comments, coupled with the fact that he was in the Northwest scouting out locations for, yep, a possible TV series, are cause for alarm to deep-dish splatterhounds like your reporter. Harry Reinert's article goes on to say that the possible series, tentatively titled *Spirit City, U.S.A.* (spare me), is being considered by ABC television. It is further described as being "fantasy with chills, but NO real horror." Now, *that's* scary.

Also caught in the throes of this very trendy wave of splatter-bashing are many of the directors who were on the cutting edge of the genre back in the late '70s and early '80s. Many openly renounce their earlier efforts and return to the fold only after one of their more highbrow fantasy/adventure/suspense thrillers bites yak ass at the box office. The prime movers of the '80s horror world are breaking ranks now and scattering to the four winds. Of all the brave Young Turks on the scene during the formative years of modern gore, only David Cronenberg and George Romero are still making brilliant films.

Dead Ringers was one of the most disturbing, challenging and confrontational works of the year, yet it was hardly a "splatter film." Cronenberg has repeatedly expressed a desire to go beyond the confines of the gore genre.

Romero's *Monkey Shines*, a self-assured, chilling little masterwork, was nearly splatter-free and unembellished by any of the signature Savini FX we've come to know and love. Romero appears justifiably tired of merely serving up steaming platters of zombie guts and multiple bullet hits to raving fans who want nothing more than another installment in the series (whether it be *Twilight of the Dead* or even an ill-advised and totally unnecessary remake of *Night of the Living Dead*).

And speaking of "dead," how 'bout all those dreadful "horror comedies," eh? Neither scary nor funny, fartblowers like *Waxwork*, *Dead Heat* and *Return of the Living Dead, Part II* once again proved the genre woefully inadequate when it attempts to match the rare combination of black comedy, balls-to-the-wall terror and gleeful gut-slinging so confidently displayed in Stuart Gordon's 1985 entry, *Re-Animator*.

There was absolutely nothing to laugh about when the trend towards *sequelitis infinitum* was joined by some filmmakers' unhealthy infatuation with remaking old B pictures whose actual historical worth is still under debate. Despite its admittedly jaw-dropping FX work and ferocious attack sequences, Chuck Russell's *The Blob* took a $250,000 idea from the '50s and let it simply rattle around in the overblown, rarefied environs of a $19 million budget. It didn't work. It bombed at the box office. Badly.

Films followed by a number, whether Roman or Arabic, ranged from the contemptible (*Ghoulies II*, *Howling IV*, *Sleepaway Camp 2*) to the merely serviceable (*Demons 2*, *Phantasm II*). Still, all of them helped to sully and defile the memories of the original films upon which they were based.

Horror in '88 lost its bite. The toothless beast appears tamed by the recent vociferous backlash directed at hardcore horror films and by the persistent intimidation from the MPAA. Studios have apparently become frightened enough into taking far fewer chances with controversial and unrated material and seem simply unwilling to mount a counteroffensive.

"Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength," said Orwell in *1984*. And in 1988, puffy, bloated studio cats added, "Doubleplus good for big, boffo box office."

That's show biz, folks.

It's no wonder that a recent exchange between me and the Missus (and she's no piker, lads—she knows a

Bruce Springsteen should disown sister Pam for appearing in two dopey *Sleepaway Camp* sequels.

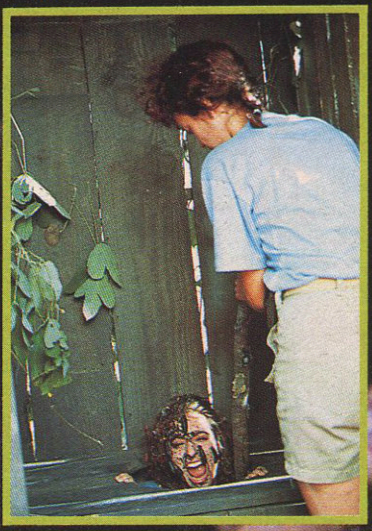


Photo: Copyright 1987 Double Helix Films

Photo: Courtesy Mark Shostrom

Fulci from a Franco and a Stivaletti from a DeRossi) went something like this:

Her: "Whatcha watching?"

Me (*excited*): "It's *Profondo Rosso*, uncut and letterboxed!"

Her: "But isn't that really Argento's '75 slasher *Deep Red*?" [That's my girl!]

Me: "Well, sure."

Her: "You've seen that version at least 15 times, right?"

Me: "Maybe. I haven't been counting."

Her: "What a shitty print, too. What is that, a 12th-generation copy?"

Me: "Probably."

Her: "And it's in Italian!"

Me: "Yeah."

Her: "Where are the subtitles?"

Me: "There aren't any."

Whew! 1988. It was that kind of year. ●

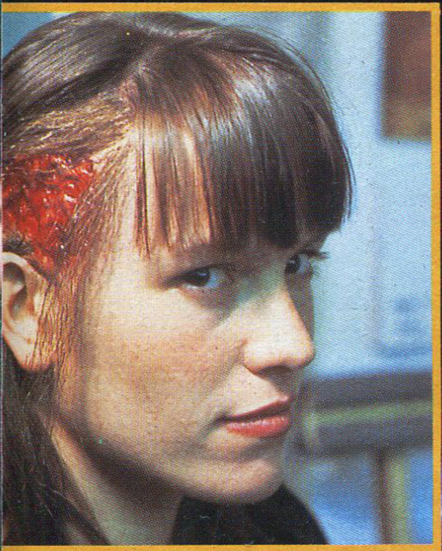
Photo: Courtesy Steve Johnson

Here's one way of eliminating unwanted facial hair. (From *Dead Heat*)

Photo: Courtesy Steve Johnson

> **The prime movers of the '80s horror world are breaking ranks now and scattering to the four winds.**

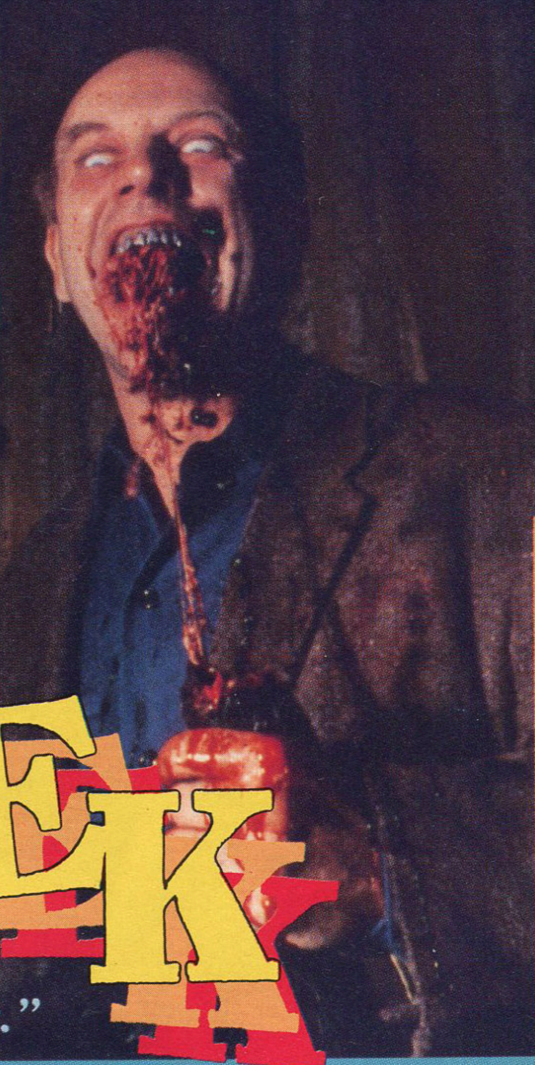
***Phantasm II* actress Samantha Phillips answered the "Wanted: Girls with brains" personal ad.**



***The Devil's Rain* revisited, courtesy of *Howling IV*.**

PREVIEW

By playing on half a zillion double bills, *The Children* forged its way onto the national consciousness.



He's ravaged a supermarket, mauled shoppers and terrorized a farm family. Now comes chicken time.

My Life as a GEEK

By TIM FERRANTE

"It's strange, but I didn't go study crazy people or practice with chickens."

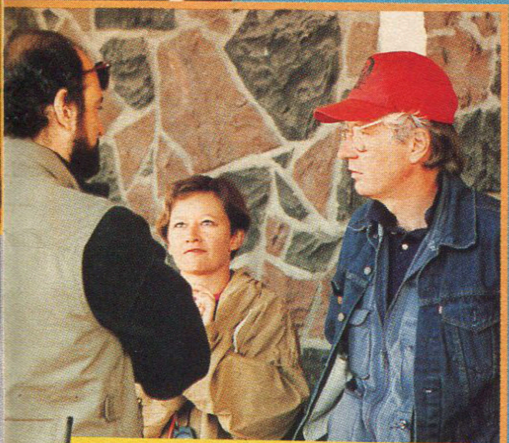
Expecting nothing more than an enjoyable weekend with kindred spirits at Baltimore's FANEX '88, this GOREZONE reporter was surprised to learn of a late night premiere screening being held for the convention. Along with a small battery of fellow fright friends, I settled in to face an out-of-register, blurry video projector. What the hell, we figured, let's tough it out and give the beaming director (who was pacing around the room) our finest behavior instead of bitching about the lousy video image. Anyway, how good could the movie be with a "playdate" at a horror con and a title like *Luther the Geek*?

About 90 minutes later, I was eating my words and expectations in gluttonous proportions. *Luther the Geek* was good, *damned* good. Who made this thing? The perpetrator was still in the room. Introductions followed a heartfelt handshake of congratulations. His name was Carlton J. Albright, and with him was his producer, David Platt. Two immediately likable gentlemen. (The name Albright struck a faintly familiar chord. . . *The Children*, 1980, a left-field shocker—not too bad, as the recollection goes.) We arranged to meet back in New York City and plan a real screening in 35mm.

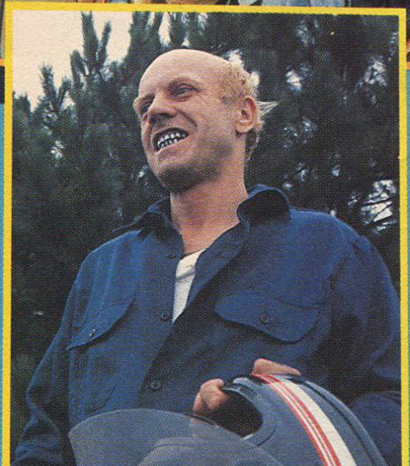
Luther the Geek, dare it be said, has all the trappings necessary to perch the title character among other genre icons like Jason, Leatherface and Freddy. It's a relentless exercise in terror that drops its pants for no one. On a rural Midwestern farm, a family is taunted, beaten into submission and slowly murdered by Luther, a geek. (A geek, by true definition, is a hapless outcast whose job is biting heads off live chickens at a carnival.) Luther was recently set free from a state mental institution for being socially acceptable. Now he's fashioned himself a set of crude false teeth, made out of steel and filed to throat-piercing perfection.

Albright and Platt had teamed on two previous efforts, the aforementioned *The Children* and 1983's *Dreams Come True*, both in the horror and fantasy mold. Their link was through Ed Terry, the actor who eventually would breathe life into the horrific role of Luther. "We met because of Ed Terry," nods David Platt.

Here's the scene that shot down Luther's chances for an endorsement deal with Polygrip.



A crew member asks David Platt (left) and Carlton Albright (right) to explain the difference between a nerd and a geek.



Luther Photos: Lance Norris

Luther (Ed Terry) prepares to become a geek on wheels.

"In the early '70s, I had moved into a Manhattan brownstone where he was the superintendent. We were both struggling to become actors. He was a waiter and I drove a cab late at night. Around 4:00 a.m., we'd stumble in from our jobs, down a six pack and solve the world's problems."

"Ed Terry and I were working on a 16mm short titled *The Interpreter* at the time," Albright recalls. "Ed directed and I co-wrote it. David eventually got involved, and it was our first time working together. When *The Children* got going, Ed was the associate producer and co-wrote the script with me. David became the production manager."

The Children is a small-budgeted thriller that relies on the tried-and-true "radioactive mutant" plot device. When a busload of kids passes through an atomic cloud, their fingernails turn black, their faces pale and they become a tribe of walking radioactive poison. The immediate prey are their parents; when innocently lured and hugged by their child, Mom and Pop burn and melt with all the FX of a nuclear blast. Neat, huh?

"Ed and I were sitting in my home one evening, shortly after my wife had our third child," Albright continues. "I was surrounded with kids and felt I was being devoured by them. I had designs on moving to California, but with a new baby and my wife not too willing, I couldn't pursue what I wanted to pursue. So Ed said, 'What if. . .?' and I came back with, 'And then what if. . .?' Suddenly, a story began to develop. We fleshed it into a script. We used 35mm film and shot it in Sheffield, Massachusetts."

An interesting aside about the production of *The Children* is the fact that many crew members went from that shoot to their next job in New Jersey. "The boom operator on *The Children* was about to mix his first feature," smiles Platt. "Through him I was hired onto that film, which you might have heard of: *Friday the 13th*. Basically, the crew from *Children*—the grips, electricians and camera—went straight to *Friday the 13th*. We had no idea the film would become such a huge success, absolutely none. I remember getting the last paycheck. Everyone agreed it would be smart to cash them near the location, because if we waited, they'd probably bounce. We kept thinking *Friday the 13th* would never make a dime!" Platt howls. "I ended up working on the second and fourth ones as well."

Friday the 13th and *The Children* also share identical composer credits. Both shrieking scores were written by Harry Manfredini (Fango #83). "Harry is great," Albright raves. "I remember watching the second *Friday the 13th* and telling him he should be ashamed of himself. He said, 'Why? Didn't you like the movie?' I told him how much I liked it. I also told him how much I liked the score—it was right out of *The Children*! I said, 'Harry, not only did you steal the score from my picture for the first *Friday*, but you stole from the original *Friday* for *Friday 2*!' The fact remains that the music is identified with the Jason series. He did a terrific job on all of them."

With the successful box office performance of their maiden feature effort, Albright and Platt teamed once again on the Troma release *Dreams Come True*, a contemporary love story about two people with the ability of astral projection. Shooting in Wisconsin with college students for crew members, Platt and Albright set about their second feature foray. "We were convinced that we could make a very good low-budget picture out there. This was in June, and we had to work quickly before the students had to return to school in late August," Albright explains. "David set about the casting. Max Kalmanowicz and I were writing the script. We took a skeleton crew out of New York, and the rest was from the university. We were there for nearly 10 weeks, much too long for a low-budget film. Kalmanowicz once again directed."

Platt donned his actor's cap for a role

in *Dreams*, with reserved feelings for his performance. "I never felt my performance was totally 'there,' " he frowns. "I couldn't be focused on it because I was conscious of where the mike should have been during the scene and any number of other technical things. As an actor, it's difficult to look at yourself and give a positive answer about a performance."

After the less-than-enchanting experience in Wisconsin, the next film project brought to fruition would be *Luther the Geek*. "The idea was formulated around a couple of things," Albright states. "We had the notion of a rural setting with a non-distinguishable time frame. The geek angle came up while I was talking with my kids, who thought 'geek' meant 'nerd.' When I explained the origins of a geek, it all sounded pretty disgusting. From there, we hired Whitey Styles to write a script, and the movie was born.

"The farm is in Tampico, Illinois—the birthplace of Ronald Reagan, for anyone who's interested," Albright continues. "It belongs to my mother-in-law. During the writing of the script, the tenants decided to move out and trashed the living hell out of the place. David and I flew out there and determined that the house could be structurally altered to visually fit script requirements. Once we agreed this would be the principal location, the script could be tailored to it."

"The strange thing about casting Ed Terry as Luther," Platt muses, "is that Carl and I danced around the subject of who should play the character. We were both thinking the same thing for a couple of months before one of us brought him up. Ed was the perfect choice to create the maniacal and intense role, and he carried it off beautifully."

The simplicity of Luther's blatant disregard for human life and sadistic ability to terrorize and outwit is testimony to Ed Terry's superb acting and Carl Albright's tight direction. Luther's dialogue is nothing more than twisted clucks and croaks, demented efforts to imitate chickens. (While the very nature of the character may sound laughable, see the film before you try to guffaw.)

"Having gone through the process of acting, I really don't understand it," Terry reveals. "Something just starts happening. What I would do every day for Luther was sit in the trailer and listen to 'The End' by The Doors. The song alludes to a multiple murder. I'd then go to a mirror, bush up my eyebrows and put a dead look on my face. I'd just go dead. It's strange, but I didn't go study crazy people or practice with chickens."

In order to maximize the depiction of genuine fear and violation, Terry made a point in staying clear of his heroine costar, Joan Roth. "I made up my mind in the beginning to not associate with her at all for the first week or so. The first few days of the shoot, we were doing pretty scary stuff. I was knocking her around and all the other nasty stuff. I didn't want her to know me or know what I was up to. I remained standoffish. The end scene in the chicken coop, the chicken-talking between the two of us, could have been a disaster. We did it in one day, and the possibility for laughter and breaking up was very real. It's a very intense moment in the film. Not once did we lose our concentration."

So believable is Terry's performance that the actor himself had difficulty shaking the Luther persona at day's end. "It's hard to walk around like that all day and five minutes later be charming and tell jokes. Between takes, nobody liked me. So what? That's not my job. My job was to be what you see on screen," he says.

"When I explained the origins of a geek, it all sounded pretty disgusting . . . and the movie was born."
—director Carlton Albright

"It's no fun to be that way," Terry decides. "There must be an acting technique for that, to jump in and out of character. I seem to get into it and stay there."

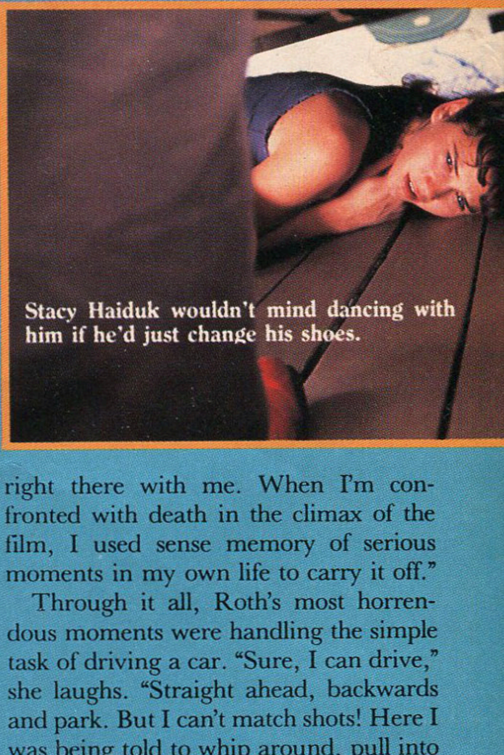
A surprising revelation is the fact that Ed Terry is a mere 5-feet-7-inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. The expertly placed camera and vicious characterization convey a nemesis of great height and size. "About a month before the shoot, I began a weight lifting program. I'm solidly built for my height and a low camera angle can do just so much. The fact that Luther is constantly on screen and keeps coming and coming has a lot to do with your perspective. The deputy [portrayed by J. Jerome Clarke] is much bigger than me, but it's difficult to tell on screen."

The petite and lovely Joan Roth portrays Luther's shattered victim. The role required some heavy physical action and a performer whose ability could sell the perverse and horrifying situation. "Joan really blew my socks off," Albright enthuses. "She was the only one to audition who genuinely looked scared and under stress. During the audition, she pulled out a pencil as a prop for a knife. Well, I really thought she was gonna cut somebody. She was *that* emotional. We were very lucky."

Roth was pushed to her professional limits under the strict direction of Albright. The results are indeed impressive. The actress even enjoyed having her four limbs tied to bedposts and being kicked around grimy chicken coops. "I had a ball," Roth boasts. "My reaction is, 'When is the next one?'

"Part of my acting training was with a woman who stressed upon us that we *must* believe the role we're playing," she offers. "If you don't, then get off the stage. I know when something looks believable, and there were times when I had to ask Carl to do a scene again. There is no middle ground, it's either believable or not. For me, this role was very challenging. Yes, the heroine is being victimized, but she does get her revenge.

"Every actor needs a good director," Roth continues. "Carl was relentless, right there with me. When I'm confronted with death in the climax of the film, I used sense memory of serious moments in my own life to carry it off."


Stacy Haiduk wouldn't mind dancing with him if he'd just change his shoes.

Through it all, Roth's most horrendous moments were handling the simple task of driving a car. "Sure, I can drive," she laughs. "Straight ahead, backwards and park. But I can't match shots! Here I was being told to whip around, pull into the driveway and do it exactly the way I first did it three hours ago. And I'd look at David and say, 'And what way was that?' I almost knocked mailboxes down. At one point, Carl said to me, 'I thought you could act.' I said, 'This isn't acting, this is driving!' It was definitely my worst moment."

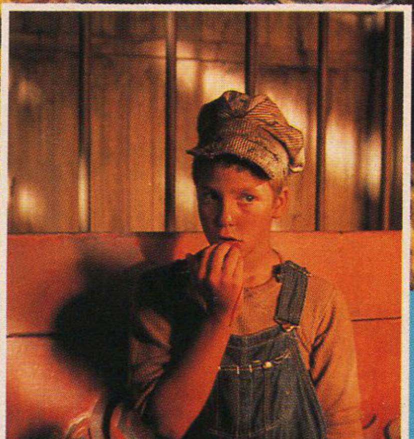
A lesson in special FX makeup coor-

"Put a bite into crime," giggles former juvenile offender Luther.

dination was learned by all during the *Luther* filming. "We deferred to the effects people on how to approach it," Albright recounts. "We began by shooting the effect first and then filming everything up to that point. In doing so, we were locked into action that would get the actor up to the moment before the effect. This boxes you in tremendously. By the shoot's end, we were doing exactly the opposite."

"The problem you run into is a matter of 'down time,' " Platt cites. "We managed to schedule effects scenes for the first shot of the day, since the day before we would have filmed everything up to the effect. Usually, once you shot the scenes leading to an effect, you lose the actor for a few hours to be rigged. This leaves valuable down time. We tried to avoid it by doing the effect first and surrounding scenes afterward. That idea restricts you heavily and further messes with realistic continuity."

With a distribution pact still being sought, *Luther the Geek* may find its title changed, edited down to the hypocritical sensibilities of the MPAA or palmed off to the wastelands of home video for its public consumption. Perhaps theater screens across America will be the maiden viewing arena. With the uncertain fates of low-budget, independently produced product today, it is gratifying to know there are still filmmakers out there who pour their talents and hearts into a genre and industry they so obviously love. Carl Albright, David Platt and company fit this description to the letter.



To geek or not to geek? That is young Luther's question.

HORRORSCOPE

By MICHAEL GINGOLD

Flesh Eating Mothers and Their Friends

Think you're up for some seriously bizarre horror? Are you prepared to witness a dream monster that bites the heads off its victims, a group of women who try to devour their own children, and what may be one of the most twisted ideas for a monster in recent years? If so, Panorama Entertainment has what you're looking for.

Panorama, a New York distribution company recently started up by Stuart Strutin, is getting its feet wet in the low-budget terror field with three titles: the direct-to-video release *Beyond Dream's Door*, and the

The dreaded *Beyond Dream's Door* demon loves having its belly rubbed.

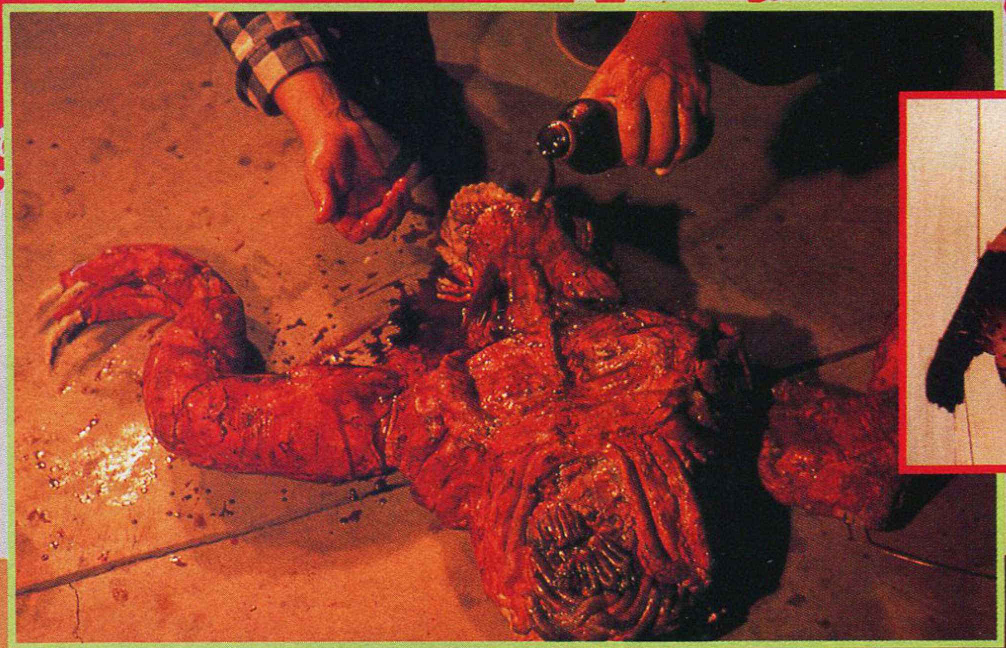
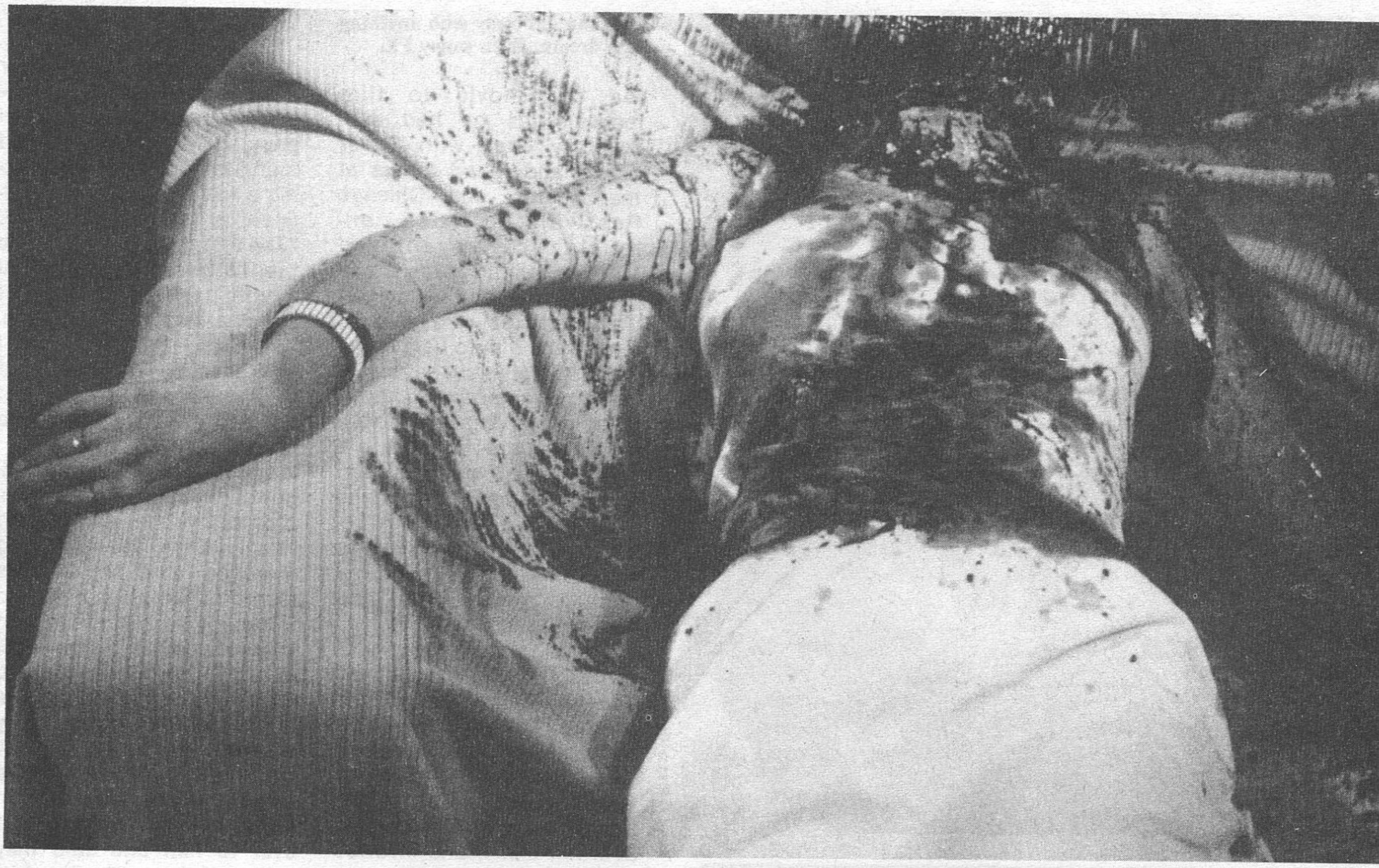


Photo: Courtesy Francis Teri

"Cheap paneling be damned!" bellows *The Suckling*.

It spits out the bones and eyeglasses later.



Panorama Entertainment brings hope to low-budget independent filmmakers.

theatrical titles *Flesh Eating Mothers* and *The Suckling*. Strutin is no stranger to independent horror movie marketing, having served time at Troma before handling such films as *Street Trash* and *Blood Diner* for Lightning Pictures. Shortly after this, he struck out on his own. "I formed Panorama after leaving Vestron [Lightning's parent company]," he relates. "It was something I had wanted to do for a long time, and I figured I was experienced enough in all phases of distribution. I was also involved in independent production for a number of years, so I knew what producers had to go through to make these movies. And the timing was right."

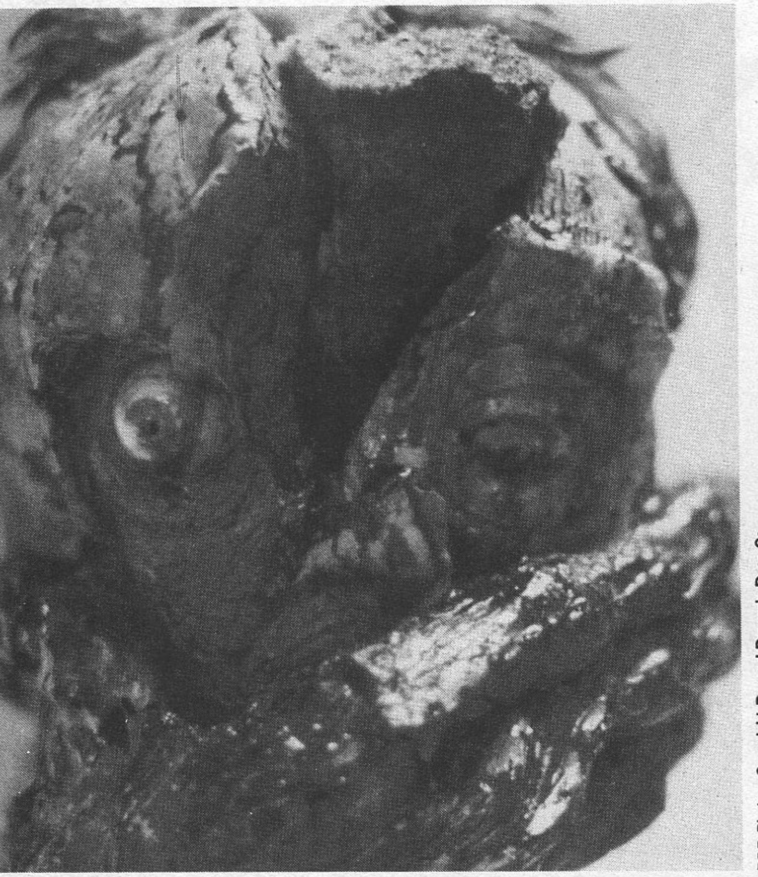
One of the first projects Strutin picked up was a work-in-progress by some ambitious people from Ohio State University. "*Beyond Dream's Door* was a film we were involved with from the time we saw the first rough cut," he recalls. "We watched what they had on videotape and liked what we saw, so we helped them finish the film. It's the story of a college-age boy who has been repressing his dreams for years. He starts dreaming again and has nightmares. There's a monster in his nightmares that comes into reality, and it starts to kill anybody he tells about it. It's sort of a paradox; he can't tell anybody about it because the monster doesn't want anybody to know about its existence. We've had a couple of people tell us the film compares to the *Elm Street* series, which to us is a very nice compliment."

Awright, which joke do we use—"fast food chains" or "not enough iron in her diet"?

Beyond Dream's Door is currently available on video from VidAmerica.

In the big screen category, Panorama currently has *Flesh Eating Mothers* hitting the midnight circuit. The film, shot in upstate New York, deals with a philandering husband who spreads a venereal disease that causes new mothers to develop cannibalistic tendencies. In between the graphic gore are a few satiric moments and some campy dialogue. James Martin, who directed, co-wrote and co-produced the film, strived to keep a proper balance between the humor and the horror. "I didn't want to go out and entirely make a traditional shocker," he explains, "but I didn't want to make a comic horror film, which is pretty run-of-the-mill these days. It came out to be a mixture of the two. I wanted to have black humor, and also bring out the horror without making it too much."

Martin, whose early film



You can get away with anything in a dream. Even sappy FX.

BDD Photos: Copyright Beyond Dream's Door Co.

FEM: Copyright 1988 Indigo Motion Pictures

There's something really lovable about these *Flesh Eating Mothers*. Maybe it's their half-raccoon makeup.

work included a stint as art director on *Splatter University*, was spurred to create *Mothers* by the success of *I Was a Teenage Zombie*, for which he wrote the script. He hoped to create a feature-length calling card, though he never intended to simply exploit the horror genre. "Being a film student and wanting to make it in the business, you realize that there are things you're going to have to do before you make your masterpiece," Martin reasons. "*Flesh Eating Mothers* was mine. I'm not saying anything derogatory about horror films. I want to do another horror film, but for me, this was my foot in the door."

After completing the film in early 1988, Martin went shopping for a distributor and soon found one in Panorama. In addition to mapping out the late-night release, Strutin also submitted the movie to film festivals (as he had successfully done with *Street Trash*) and found takers at the Boston and Chicago Festivals. Critics enthusiastically received *Mothers* in both cities, some praising it as a social satire. Still, Martin says he never intended the film to be a statement. "I really just set out to make an entertaining film," he shrugs. "Whatever social messages are in there are probably just what was on my mind when I wrote the screenplay. I remember being on the D train after having an argument with my mother; maybe that had something to do with it."

Social commentary of some kind will undoubtedly be read into Panorama's upcoming *The Suckling* (title may change), which is set for general release in New York, Boston and Chicago. The film takes place in an illegal abortion clinic, and involves (there's no delicate way to describe this, friends) an aborted fetus that is flushed down the toilet and falls into a pool of toxic waste in the sewer. The thing mutates into a man-sized monster that seals up the house with a slimy substance and then kills the people inside one by one. (Your reporter appears in several scenes as the creature, inside a nicely designed low-budget monster suit by Ralph Cordero.)

The movie is the brainchild of writer/director Francis Teri, who had worked on *Flesh Eating Mothers* as an assistant cameraman; Michael Helman, another *Mothers* alumnus, produced the film. Like Martin, Teri claims the idea for the film was inspired by producing concerns, rather than topical ones. "I wanted to do a low-budget film," he says, "and the first criteria was that it needed limited locations to keep the costs down—I guess my model in this area would be *Night of the Living Dead*—so I got the idea of setting it in a brothel or some other kind of underworld location."

After working full-time for a year and a half to get production funds together, Teri plunged into production, and found the demands of directing a low-budget feature difficult to adjust to at first. "The first thing I realized was that I'd be working for a full month, getting four hours of sleep a night," he groans. "After the third day, all I wanted to do was sleep. But by the second week I got used to it, and it became a routine."

Long work hours can, however, lead to amusing incidents on the set, as Teri recalls from *Flesh Eating Mothers*. "Jim Martin was also producing the film, and when you're shooting 16-hour days, people fall asleep," he chuckles. "So once, late at night, we were filming outside, and Harry Eisenstein, the cinematographer, was setting the lights, and Jim fell asleep in the middle of it. Harry walked over to him and said they were ready, and Jim just wouldn't wake up. So we shot the scene without him and went to sleep, and then Jim wakes up and says, 'OK, let's shoot the scene.' Harry told him we'd shot it already, and Jim lay down to sleep again. Five beats went by and then he jumped up and started yelling. He was really mad that we had done it without him."

The first three releases will undoubtedly pave the way for more horror titles from Panorama, including some planned in-house productions. Though detractors have claimed the genre to be running out of steam, Strutin isn't worried. "It's cyclical, like everything else in the film business," he opines. "I think it'll come back. There are certain horror films that have been working, like the *Nightmare on Elm Street* films. There's also been a bottoming-out of the video market, but that's coming back now as well. You can't have every video store just selling *'Crocodile' Dundee*, *Top Gun* and every Eddie Murphy movie. People get bored of that real quick."

FICTION

(continued from page 15)

stock seemed to be in an advanced state of rot.

Just as Nick's own skin had the power of corruption within itself. That's what he'd always hated about acne, or dandruff, or even just the bad smells a body was capable of. It was a peek into the future, of the body rotting away.

A guy could be crazy, like that hitchhiker in *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and still be funny at the same time. Then all of a sudden he could be scary, real scary.

Up on the screen, the dark-headed teenage boy stepped out of the shadows into the yellowish glow of the street light. The kid's face was polka-dotted with pimples, huge yellowy zits rising out of the yellowish, sickly skin. One by one the zits exploded. First maggots, then long segmented things with many legs crawled out of the zit craters. Hundreds of them.

The boy on the screen—the male characters seemed to look more and more like Nick all the time—started changing. His nose and jaw elongated, huge teeth thrust downward out of his upper gums, leathery wings spread out of the red, pimply skin on his back.

It wasn't real, but it felt real, sometimes realer than a conversation with his parents or a day at school. Nick didn't always understand.

But sometimes it felt like what was up on the screen was in a way realer than the few things people were willing to talk about.

Wishes and dreams. He couldn't tell his friends, especially Benny, about that kind of thing. Or fears and nightmares. The thrill and the chill. Sometimes going to the movies was like going to church.

He guessed these stories had to be told—they wouldn't let themselves be ignored. And better they be up on the screen than out prowling the streets, looking for some poor slob to recruit, to include in their bloody endings.

The screen went dead.

All around him, people rustled uncomfortably.

"Does it scare you?" Benny said, in a gravelly, distorted voice.

Feeling a sudden, cold thrill at the sound of his friend's voice, Nick turned to Benny. Benny had pulled his face back into the shadows, so that all Nick could see of his head was the silhouette, and the silhouette seemed wrong.

Nick could hear the groans in stereo in the theater seats around him. Hairy appendages reached up out of the upholstered seats as if to clutch the projector's suddenly vanished beam.

Does it scare you? The faces of his friends gathered around him, their warped features and blood-tinted eyes underscored by the smears of demented smiles. *If you really thought about it, you'd be more than a little scared.*

The projector started back up as suddenly as it had stopped. Its silver beam exploded as it hit the pale expanse of screen, revealing the shambling, blank-faced armies of the night as they pushed their way across the countryside, from city to city, seeking to satisfy their hungers, to enlist new recruits. The bright images twisted around the hairy arms and horny heads of his friends for a few seconds as they turned around to gaze in dumb rapture at the screen. Again, Nick could hear the groans in stereo. Once again, they'd gotten their fix. Their medicine. Sometimes it tasted bad, but it gave you something you'd always needed.

As the film rolled on, their faces grew pink; the distortion melted from their features, leaving them doughy and placid again. The cinematic light burned the hair off their arms. Slowly they returned to their seats, their attention hooked on the images moving across the bigger-than-life screen.

And Nick remembered why he'd started going to horror movies with his friends.

◆

BAND

(continued from page 21)

encountering directors. Also, during the Empire days, some deals were made where someone would come in with a certain amount of funding attached to a movie. Many times pictures get made for all the wrong reasons. This is a business that, at that time, called for a lot of tonnage; we had to keep the engines rolling. It's tough to do that. It's impossible to make good pictures that way.

GZ: You and Roger Corman are probably the two best-known figures in the genre in your position. How do you compare yourself to him?

BAND: I like Roger. I've known him for a long time, and occasionally we sit down and chat. There are obvious comparisons, but the reason it's a little tough to make a fair comparison is because I'm in my mid-30s, so there's a fairly wide age difference. You look at Roger's career, and you have a fairly good picture of what it is; hopefully, I'm not even halfway through mine. I think also that a lot of what Roger made, pictures that you remember—I'm afraid of saying this the wrong way, but a lot of what Roger did real well is now on television, and not even on TV too much. My first crop of films is just now beginning to play syndication all over the country, and they seem to be on every night. Ultimately, when there's a real, true comparison, you've got to look at someone's body of work. And as I say, Roger's body of work is certainly not ending, but I think he's done about 80 percent of what he's going to do.

You can look at both of us, and yeah, we make independent pictures, we make B movies, we make a lot of movies. Having done it for much longer, Roger has more history and can point to more people whom he's found, and can take credit for starting their careers.

GZ: You've done some directing.

BAND: Not as much as I would like; the last picture I directed was really the first film Empire made, *Trancers*. We're using Tim Thomerson again this year; we have a film we're developing for him. I wish that I could have made at least one picture a year at Empire. But the only other picture I directed, which is strangely enough caught in the separation of Empire and Charlie Band, is *Pulse Pounders*, which is an episodic film. We'll hopefully have it untangled and out by May. *Pulse Pounders* includes minisequels to *Trancers*, *Dungeonmaster*, and, in a sense, a minisequel to the H.P. Lovecraft films. Tim is back, doing his Jack Deth thing.

It's funny how we all judge pictures, you know; to the public, and most critics a picture is a picture, whether it's made for $800,000 by an independent or for $30 million by a big studio. It's really two different businesses. There's no way to compare *Trancers* to *Blade Runner*. *Trancers* was shot down-and-dirty in 19 days on the streets of LA for what we had at our disposition—which wasn't much, under a million dollars. It's a pretty neat little movie.\You've got to have an intelligent script. If you don't have a lot of money, you've got to fool them with a lot of fancy footwork and make the audience think a lot is happening. When you think about it, *Trancers* had a couple of action scenes and that was about it.

Anyway, I hope to be doing a little more of that now. I would probably still be making more genre films than others. It's hard to say. I could have gone in a different direction and just been a director and directed pictures, because I enjoy doing that.

◆

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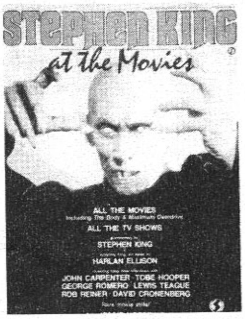

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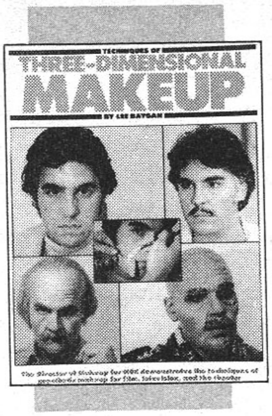

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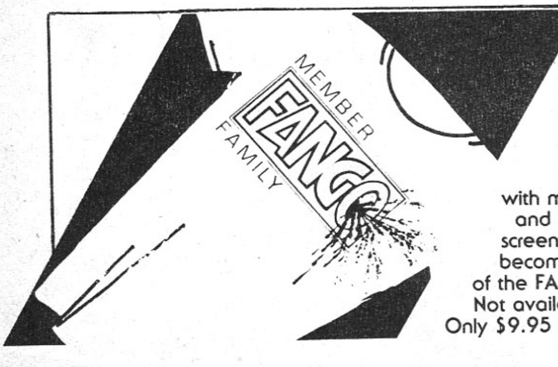

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By DOUG DREXLER

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB

Lab on the Run!

Cag and Drex are hip-deep in the character job of their careers! *We are on fire*! Due to the shortness of time, please forgive us if we dash off an article that can best be described using a word learned while working at Dick Smith's: *Ungapatchka*. This is a classic prosthetics term that roughly translates to "hodgepodge."

We still cannot go into any details concerning this top-secret project, but I can tell you that it is a character makeup artist's dream. We are in hog heaven!

Anyway, let's get this show on the road. John and I have to get back to the set.

All Photos: Copyright C & D

PHOTO 1: Digging through our files, we happen across a bunch of shots from last Halloween. David Emerson Smith, successful screenwriting son of the illustrious makeup artist, sports ears left over from *Finian's Rainbow*. Crazy beard, Dave!

PHOTO 2: Yow! What Halloween would be complete without at least one ape makeup? It's not every day you can make a monkey of Donna Drexler!

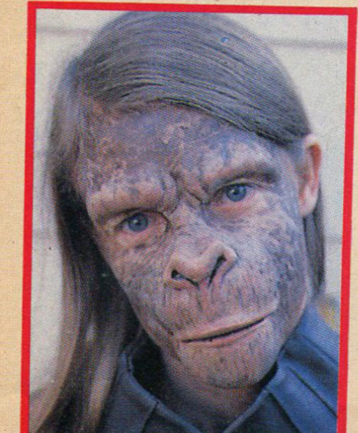


PHOTO 3: John Caglione's pride and joy last Halloween was this goofy tribute to Boris Karloff. The sculpture awaits its mold.

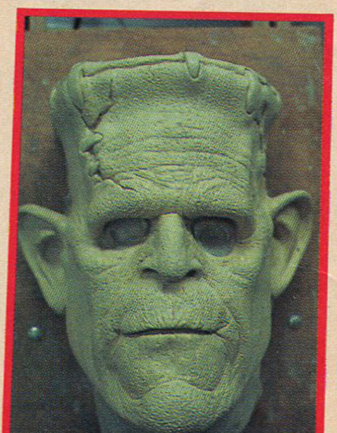
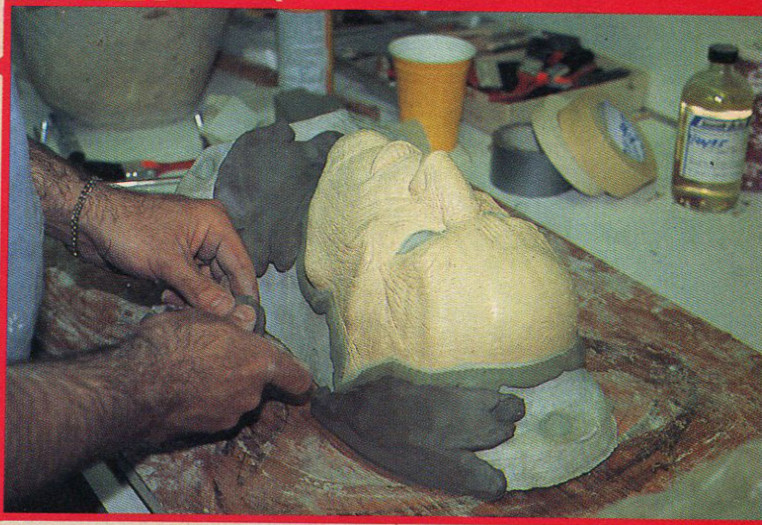


PHOTO 4: Although this shot is not of the Boris sculpture, it does illustrate the same prep technique used on Frankie. Here, George Engel whacks out the cutting edge.



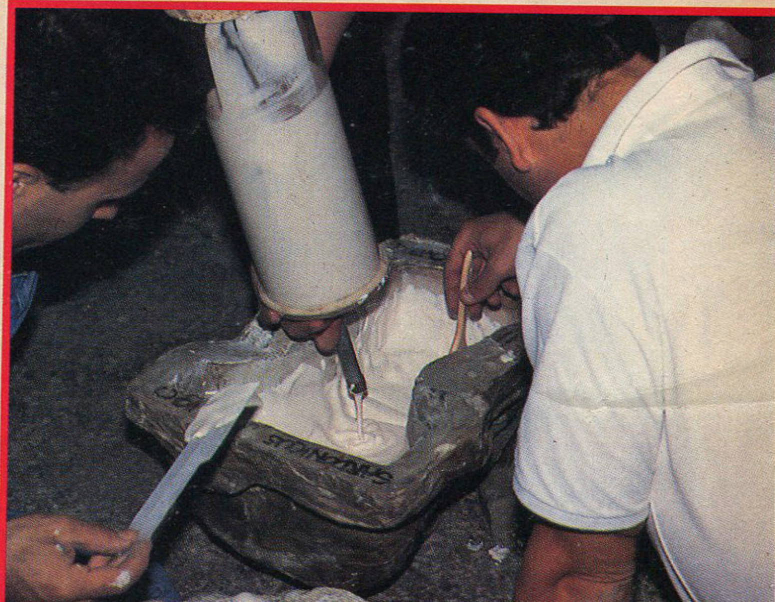
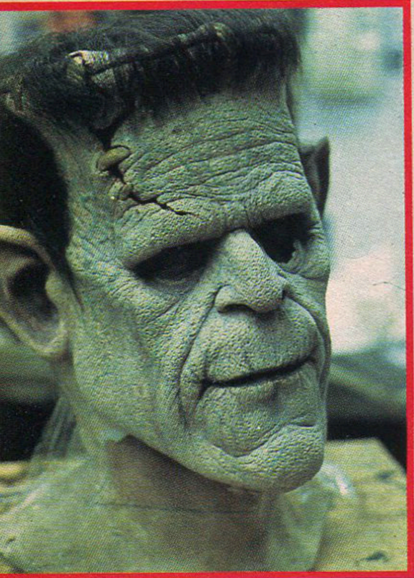


PHOTO 5: Cutting edge complete, the mold is thrown and foam latex is injected. The mold now flies into the oven to bake for several hours.

PHOTO 6: It's an honest-to-God work of art! Paint and hair gilds the lily. Needless to say, John won First Prize that night. Note that this mask was fabricated the old fashioned way: in one piece. This saved much time.



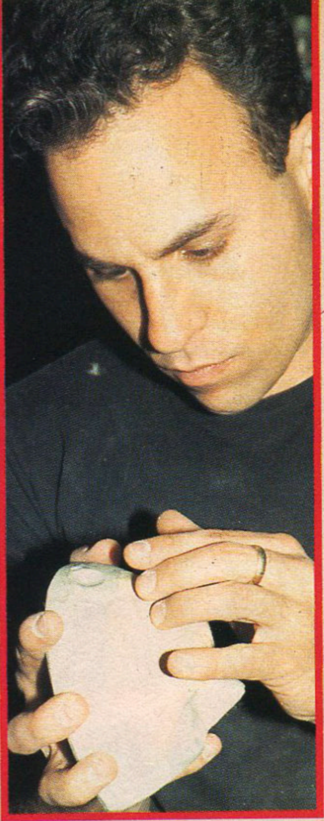
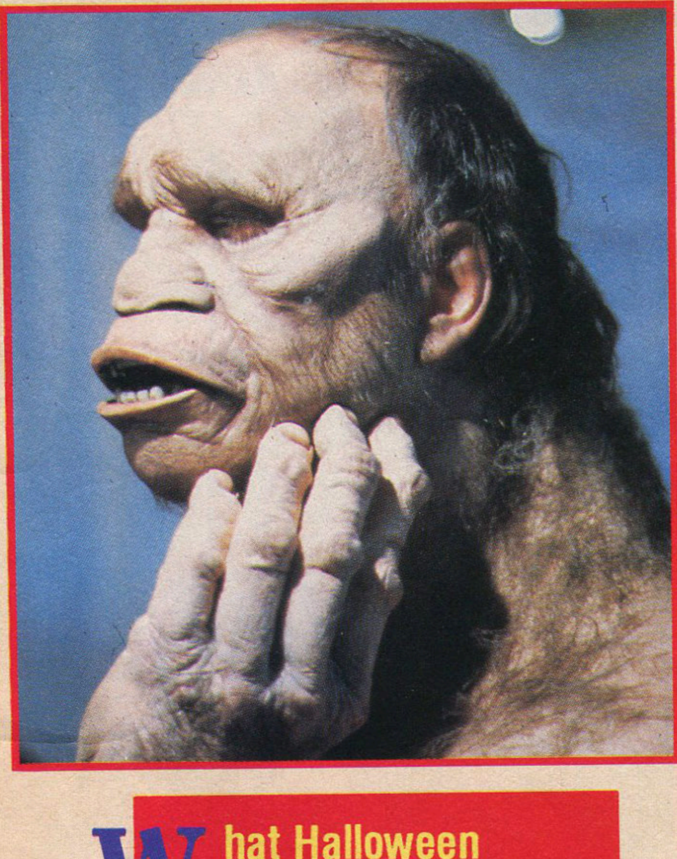


PHOTO 8: Speaking of breaking makeups down into smaller pieces, here we find Doug finishing the blending edge on a forehead.

PHOTO 9: Next, John leaps in, knocking out the cutting edges on a sea of cylinder molds. All of these parts go to complete larger makeups.

PHOTO 7: The Boris makeup was in opposition to this goofy caveman, which was broken down into smaller pieces to make application more precise. Dig those snazzy ape gloves!



What Halloween would be complete without at least one ape makeup?

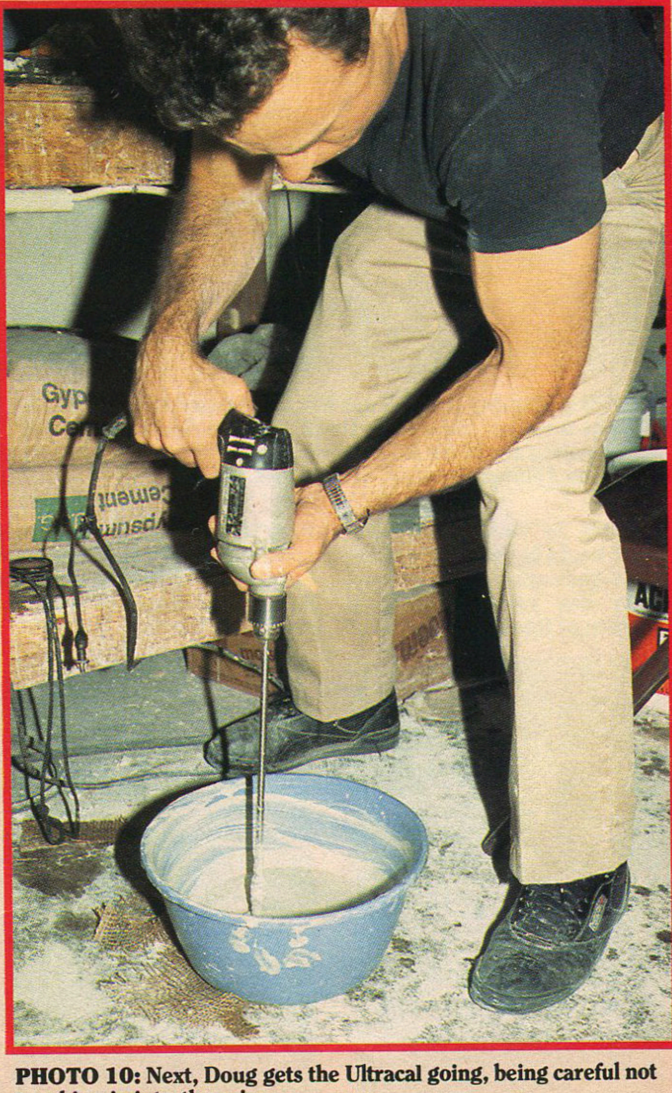


PHOTO 10: Next, Doug gets the Ultracal going, being careful not to whip air into the mix.

PHOTO 11: Cag 'n' Drex bang out a sea of cylinder molds.

PHOTO 12: Hokey smokes! Lookit 'em all! These molds are just a part of the work on our current dream job.

PHOTO 13: *Flash!* If you're working on a set, you *must* get one of these. A police scanner will allow you to listen in on the production and make your department run more efficiently. They'll think you have ESP!

PHOTO 14: Tooth or consequences! Ace orthodontic technician John puts the finishing touches on some dental work.

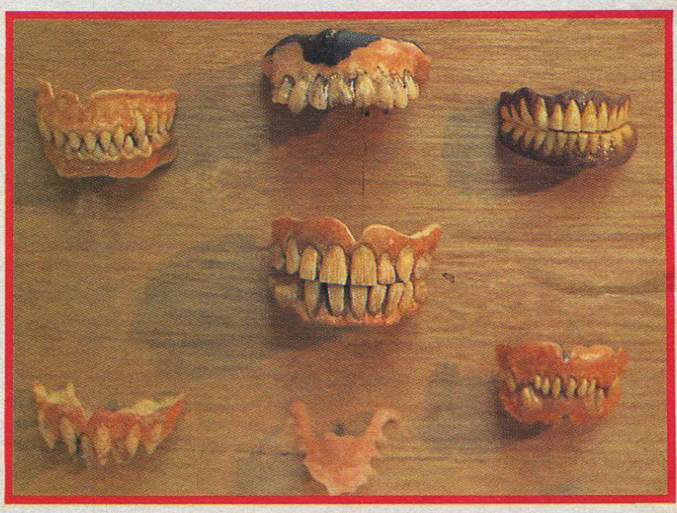


PHOTO 15: An array of several of John's past toothy triumphs. Teeth have an anatomy all their own; if you don't understand it, your dentures will not look functional, undermining the entire character.

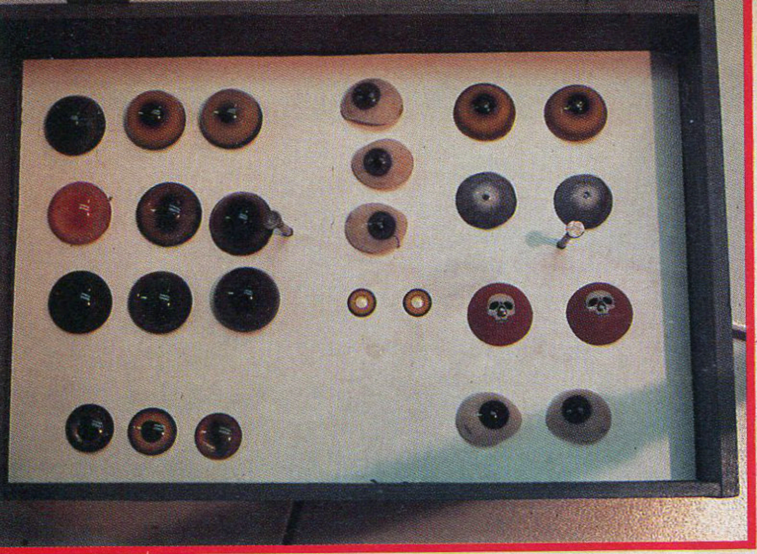


PHOTO 16: The eyes have it! How many people do you know who keep a box of eyes on the wall? A few of these babies are contact lenses which had to be meticulously designed. For instance . . .

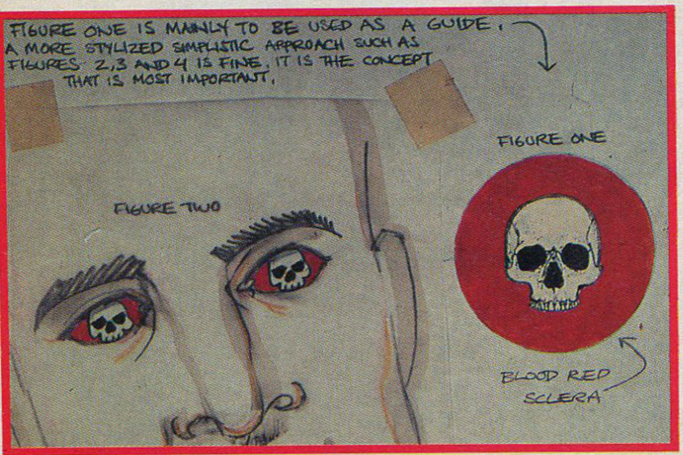
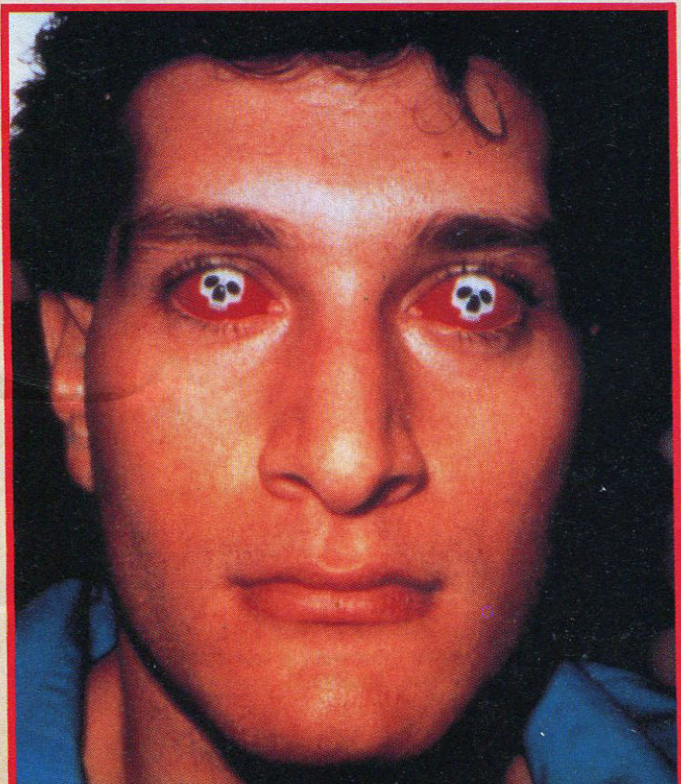


FIGURE ONE IS MAINLY TO BE USED AS A GUIDE. A MORE STYLIZED SIMPLISTIC APPROACH SUCH AS FIGURES 2,3 AND 4 IS FINE, IT IS THE CONCEPT THAT IS MOST IMPORTANT.
FIGURE ONE
FIGURE TWO
BLOOD RED SCLERA

PHOTO 17: . . . here's the artwork for a set of sclerals intended for *My Demon Lover*. We ship the drawings to Clive Kay in England . . .

PHOTO 18: . . . and he sends back these beauties. *Let the cartoon begin*!



> **How many people do you know who keep a box of eyes on the wall?**

PHOTO 19: A parting shot of Anthony Fredrickson, hard at work setting up our new LA office. Veni, vidi, vici!

caglione & drexler

PHOTO 20: Onward and upward! We bid you a fond seeyalater as we prepare to beat feet back to Universal Studios! Stay tuned!

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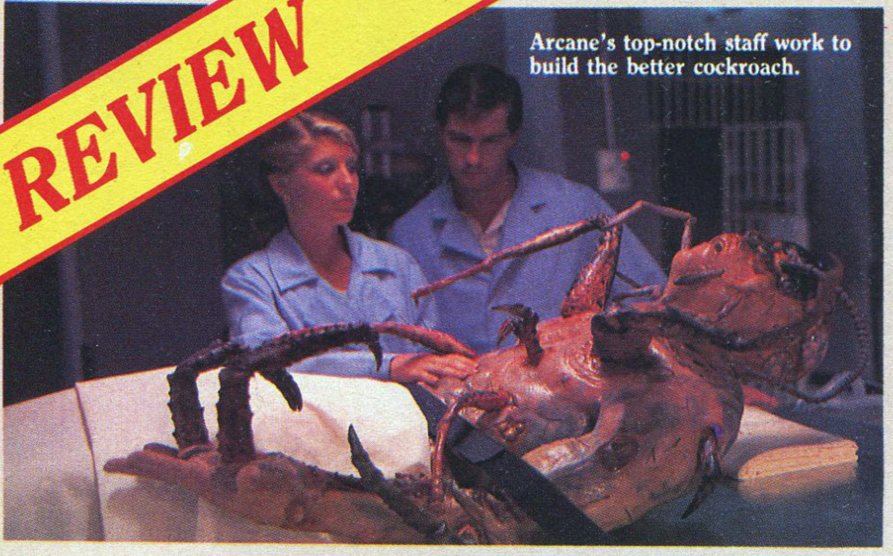

Arcane's top-notch staff work to build the better cockroach.

RETURN OF THE SWAMP THING

By MICHAEL WELDON

". . . a fun movie that always looks good, but . . ."

The opening of *The Return of Swamp Thing* is very promising. A group of Federal agents, knee-deep in a really foggy swamp, argue about which direction to turn. Suddenly, they're threatened by a hideous leech monster. Swamp Thing comes to their rescue, introduces himself in a friendly, reassuring voice, then Creedence Clearwater Revival's great "Born on the Bayou" blares from the speakers over the credits, backed by choice, colorful DC Comics art.

I enjoyed Wes Craven's *Swamp Thing* feature more than most critics, so I was glad to see the comic-book hero brought back to the screen seven years later. Seventy-year-old Louis Jourdan returns as the evil Dr. Arcane (even though the character died in the first movie), struggling to find the formula for an immortality serum. Several of his (briefly seen) mutant lab experiments are in the tradition of Dr. Moreau's mistakes in *Island of Lost Souls*. Amazing elephant and cockroach men are the FX highlights. Blonde Heather Locklear (still seen riding around in uniform with William Shatner on endless *T.J. Hooker* reruns) is Arcane's stepdaughter, a vegetarian who talks to her plants. She arrives at the heavily guarded (by guys dressed like Devo) swamp lab headquarters to find out what happened to her mom and falls in love with Swamp Thing.

That's right, it's another monster-falls-in-love movie. And unlike the Craven version, it's definitely aimed at kids, with a PG rating. *Return of Swamp Thing* is so tame that when Heather imagines (or hallucinates) the star creature becoming human for a love scene, he's magically wearing jeans. When a couple of kids are sneaking peeks at a few *Hustler*-type magazines, the covers are censored! (Maybe this was because filming took place in Georgia.)

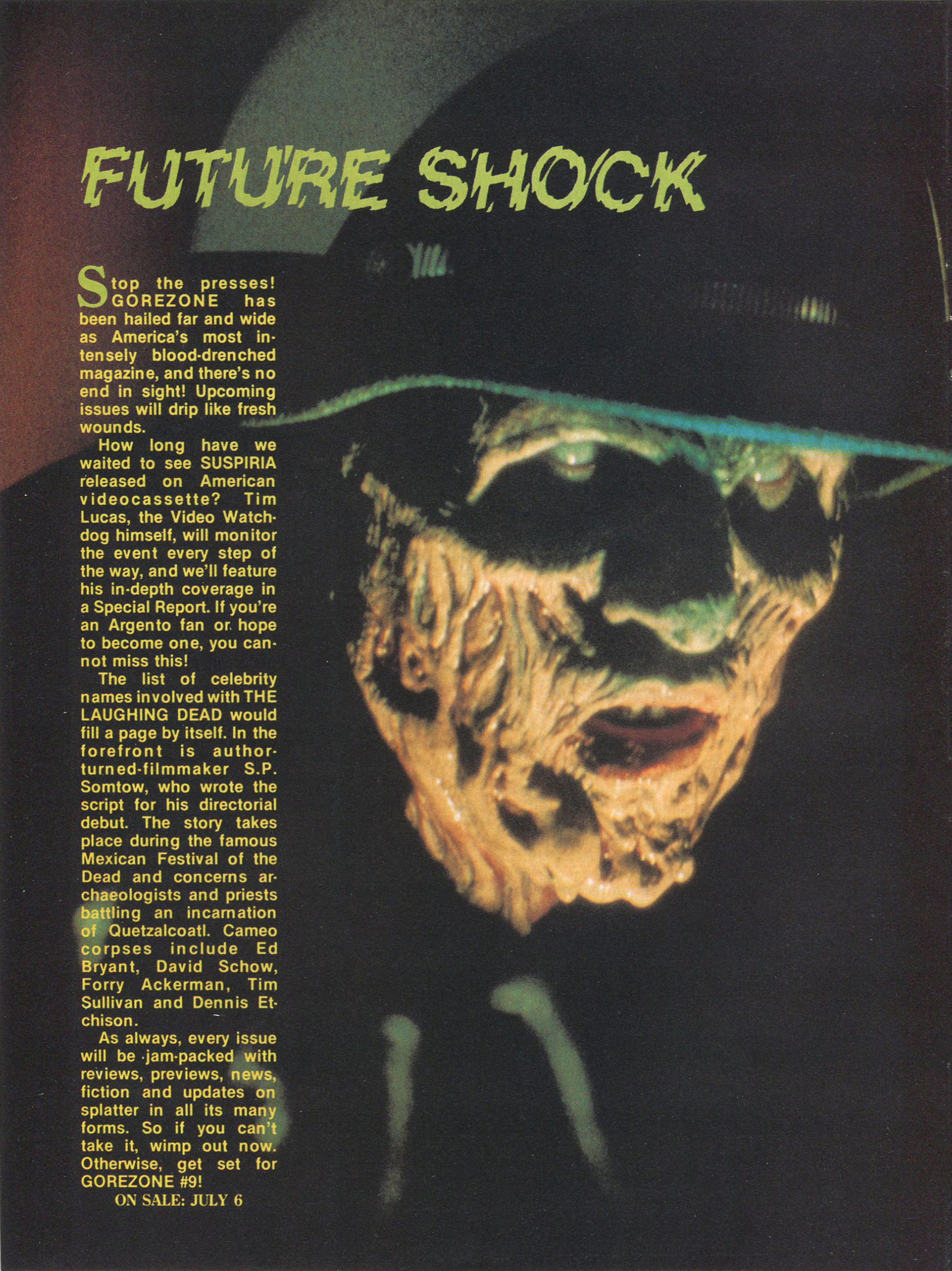
Stuntman Dick Durock does a fine job playing Swamp Thing again (in a new, different makeup/costume by Carl Fullerton and Neal Martz); he just seems a little too scrawny to me. Sarah Douglas (Ursa in the first two *Superman* movies) is Arcane's devoted assistant. Comedy is provided by two kids, an industrious youth named Omar (Ronreaco Lee) and his buddy Daryl (Daniel Taylor). Taylor must be related to one of the producers, or else his parents held the Swamp Thing suit hostage to insure their non-actor son a role. Taylor is so goofy and out of sync with the rest of the cast, that he actually steals the film! Audience members groan at his facial antics and wonder out loud when he'll get killed off. He doesn't.

Director Jim Wynorski, making his fourth rush-job sequel or remake in two years, has learned to work fast and effectively, using good professional behind-the-scenes talent, some decent enough actors, and excellent locations. He's turned out a fun movie that always looks good, but despite monster fights, machine gun battles and big explosions, he doesn't know how to make the story move.

Photos: Copyright Lightyear Entertainment

He's been beaten, he's been burned, he's been brutalized. Now wait till Swampy gets him.

Michael Weldon publishes Psychotronic Video.



FUTURE SHOCK

Stop the presses! GOREZONE has been hailed far and wide as America's most intensely blood-drenched magazine, and there's no end in sight! Upcoming issues will drip like fresh wounds.

How long have we waited to see SUSPIRIA released on American videocassette? Tim Lucas, the Video Watchdog himself, will monitor the event every step of the way, and we'll feature his in-depth coverage in a Special Report. If you're an Argento fan or hope to become one, you cannot miss this!

The list of celebrity names involved with THE LAUGHING DEAD would fill a page by itself. In the forefront is author-turned-filmmaker S.P. Somtow, who wrote the script for his directorial debut. The story takes place during the famous Mexican Festival of the Dead and concerns archaeologists and priests battling an incarnation of Quetzalcoatl. Cameo corpses include Ed Bryant, David Schow, Forry Ackerman, Tim Sullivan and Dennis Etchison.

As always, every issue will be jam-packed with reviews, previews, news, fiction and updates on splatter in all its many forms. So if you can't take it, wimp out now. Otherwise, get set for GOREZONE #9!

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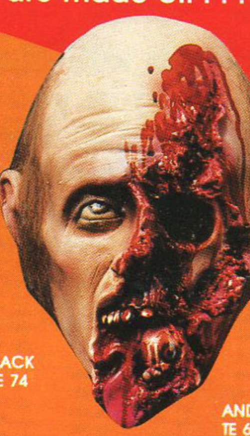
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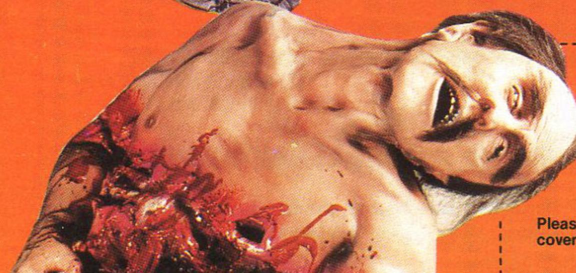

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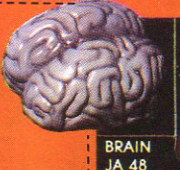
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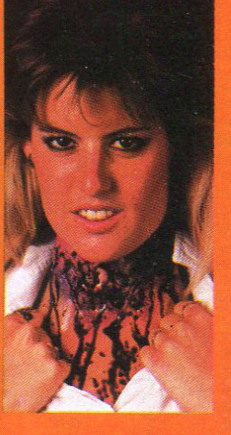

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